Index to Vol. 3—Jan. 1977–July 1977

This index lists, alphabetically by author or editor (or, where necessary, title), all books, records, films, etc., reviewed in Volume Three of *Delap's F&SF Review*. The information is presented in the following format:

Author, TITLE, issue, page, (initials of reviewer).

* = 'Briefly noted' summarized review.

KEY TO REVIEWERS:

AB = Alan Brennert
AC = Arthur Byron Cover
AR = Allan Rothstein
AW = Alan Winston
BF = Beverly Friend
BW = Bill Warren
CC = Cy Chauvin
CHP = Christopher Priest
CM = Clifford McMurray
CP = Carol Pugner
CPL = Charles Platt
DC = Doug Crepeau
DD = Don D'Ammassa
EC = Elizabeth Cummins Cogell
FD = Frank Denton
FL = Fritz Leiber
FM = Francis J. Molson
FP = Frederick Patten
GB = George Barr
HE = Harlan Ellison
JB = James K. Burk
JC = John Curlovich
JCL = Joe Claussen
JF = Jeff Frane
JK = John Kessel
JMF = John. M. Ford
JP = James R. Preston
JS = Joe Sanders
JWW = Jay W. Watson
LD = Larry Downes
LS = Leslie Kay Swigart
MB = Michael Bishop
MBL = Masse Bloomfield
MC = Martin Cantor
MG = Mike Glyer
MJ = Mary Kay Jackson
MM = Michael Moorcock
MR = Marc Rains
MW = Mary S. Weinkauf
MZB = Marion Zimmer Bradley
NB = Neil Barron
PM = Paul McGuire
PW = Paul Williams
RB = Ruth Berman
RBA = Russell Bates
RBR = Richard Bready
RC = Robert Chilson
RD = Richard Delap
SC = Steve Carper
SJC = Sandy Cohen
SW = Susan Wood
TE = Thomas M. Egan
TVM = Tom Von Malder
TR = Tom Reamy
WH = Wayne Hooks
WM = Wallace Macfarlane

Adler, Alan, ed. SCIENCE-FICTION AND HORROR MOVIE POSTERS IN FULL COLOR July, 18 (FP)

Adrian, Werner. FREAKS: Cinema of the Bizarre July, 16 (RD)

Akers, Alan Burt. RENEGADE OF KREGEN January, 17 (FP)

Akers, Alan Burt. THE TIDES OF KREGEN January, 17 (FP)

Aldiss, Brian W. FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND (recording) April, 28 (RD)

Anderson, Poul. THE BEST OF POUL ANDERSON March, 4 (AR)

Anderson, Poul. HOMEWARD AND BEYOND March, 37 (*)

Anderson, Poul, and Eklund, Gordon. INHERITORS OF EARTH March, 9 (SC)

Anderson, Poul. MIRKHEIM March, 7 (CM)

Anderson, Poul. TRADER TO THE STARS March, 6 (FD)

Anderson, Poul. TAU ZERO March, 8 (FP)

Anderson, Poul. THE TROUBLE TWISTERS March, 6 (MC)

Anderson, Poul. WAR OF THE WING-MEN March, 5 (FP)

Asimov, Isaac. THE BICENTENNIAL MAN AND OTHER STORIES March, 13 (AW)

Asimov, Isaac. OF MATTERS GREAT AND SMALL February, 38 (RH)

Asimov, Isaac. THE PLANET THAT WASN'T May, 26 (DA)

Atkins, Thomas R., ed. SCIENCE FICTION FILMS February, 27 (BW)

Avery, Richard. THE VENOM OF ARGUS June, 32 (FP)

Babbitt, Natalie. TUCK EVERLASTING June, 14 (MW)

Bahrenburg, Bruce. THE CREATION OF DINO DE LAURENTIIS' KING KONG July, 18 (RD)

BALEFUL BEASTS AND EERIE CREATURES April, 23 (FP)

Ballard, J. G. THE CRYSTAL WORLD May, 6 (MM)

Ballard, J. G. THE DROWNED WORLD May, 7 (JS)

Ballard, J. G. HIGH-RISE May, 4 (CPL)

Ballard, J. G. THE WIND FROM NOWHERE May, 8 (JF)

Barbet, Pierre. THE NAPOLEONS OF ERIDANUS March, 33 (FP)

Barringer, Leslie. JORIS OF THE ROCK June, 9 (DD)

Barron, Louis & Bebe. FORBIDDEN PLANET (recording) February, 28 (BW)

Baum, L. Frank. THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF SANTA CLAUS February, 25 (MZB)

Baum, L. Frank. THE MASTER KEY: An Electrical Fairy Tale June, 11 (MW)

Baum, L. Frank; Greene, David L., ed. THE PURPLE DRAGON AND OTHER FANTASIES March, 23 (MW)

Baxter, Caroline. THE STOLEN TELESM April, 22 (MW)

Bergamini, David. VENUS DEVELOPMENT March, 34 (RC)

Berglund, Edward P., ed. THE DISCIPLES OF CTHULHU May, 34 (MZB)

Berry, James R. THE GALACTIC INVADERS January, 38 (AR)

Biggle, Jr., Lloyd. A GALAXY OF STRANGERS May, 13 (AR)

Blackwood, Algernon. THE CENTAUR March, 16 (AW)

Blish, James. BLACK EASTER or Faust Aleph-Null June, 9 (DD)

Blish, James. THE STAR TREK READER July, 27 (FP)

Blish, James. THE STAR TREK READER II July, 27 (FP)

Bloch, Robert. COLD CHILLS April, 10 (JB)

Bok, Hannes. see Merritt, A.

Bonham, Frank. THE MISSING PERSONS LEAGUE May, 27 (FP)

Bone, J. F. THE MEDDLERS June, 36 (SJC)

Bova, Ben. THE ANALOG SCIENCE FACT READER March, 19 (CM)

Bova, Ben. MILLENNIUM June, 39 (*)

Bova, Ben. THE STARCROSSED June, 18 (RB)

Brackett, Leigh. THE BIG JUMP March, 26 (AR)

Brackett, Leigh. THE BOOK OF SKAITH: The Adventures of Eric John Stark May, 21 (FP)

Brackett, Leigh. THE COMING OF THE TERRANS June, 26 (JB)

Brackett, Leigh. THE NEMESIS FROM TERRA June, 19 (DD)

Bradbury, Ray. LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT April, 10 (MJ)

Bradbury, Will. THE GOD CELL May, 14 (JCL)

Bradley, Marion Zimmer. THE PLANET SAVERS June, 23 (DD)

Bradley, Marion Zimmer. THE SWORD OF ALDONES June, 22 (WH)

Brennert, Alan. BARRY N. MALZBERG: A Bibliography (original *DS&FSR* index) February, 9

Brown, Hugh Douglas. MARS 5 June, 10 (DD)

Brown, William. see Kahn, Herman

Brunner, John. QUICKSAND June, 33 (SC)

Brunner, John. THE WRONG END OF TIME June, 35 (SC)

Bryant, Dorothy. THE KIN OF ATA ARE WAITING FOR YOU June, 5 (RBR)

Burroughs, Edgar Rice. AT THE EARTH'S CORE July, 22 (RC)

Busby, F. M. THE LONG VIEW May, 18 (MG)

Busby, F. M. RISSA KERGUELEN May, 18 (MG)

Butler, Octavia E. PATTERNMASTER January, 30 (MW)

Campbell, Ramsey, ed. SUPERHORROR April, 8 (RD)

Capek, Karel. WAR WITH THE NEWTS June, 33 (DD)

Carr, Terry, ed. THE IDES OF TOMORROW: Original Science Fiction Tales of Horror April, 15 (RD)

Carr, Terry. THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE UNIVERSE June, 25 (JS)

Carr, Terry, ed. PLANETS OF WONDER: A Treasury of Space Opera January, 29 (FP)

Carrington, Leonora. THE HEARING TRUMPET May, 19 (MW)

Carter, Lin, ed. FLASHING SWORDS! No. 3: WARRIORS AND WIZARDS January, 11 (AW)

Carter, Lin. THE IMMORTAL OF WORLD'S END January, 21 (FP)
Carter, Lin. LOVECRAFT: A LOOK BEHIND THE "CTHULHU MYTHOS" April, 37 (TE)
Carter, Lin. see also Lovecraft, H. P.
Carver, Jeffrey. SEAS OF ERNATHE March, 28 (FP)
Chandler, C. K. GOD TOLD ME TO July, 27 (DD)
Cherryh, C. J. BROTHERS OF EARTH February, 16 (JS)
Chew, Ruth. THE TROUBLE WITH MAGIC May, 28 (CP)
Clareson, Thomas D., ed. VOICES FOR THE FUTURE: Essays on Major Science Fiction Writers January, 32 (NB)
Clarke, Arthur C. EARTHLIGHT June, 31 (RC)
Clarke, Arthur C. IMPERIAL EARTH March, 38 (*)
Clem, Ralph; Greenberg, Martin Harry; and Olander, Joseph, eds. THE CITY: 2000 A.D.—URBAN LIFE THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION March, 34 (SW)
Cogswell, Theodore R. and Spano, Jr., Charles A. SPOCK, MESSIAH! July, 28 (LD)
Copper, Basil. THE GREAT WHITE SPACE May, 35 (MW)
Cover, Arthur Byron. THE SOUND OF WINTER June, 21 (MJ & WM)
Cox, Erle. OUT OF THE SILENCE July, 34 (DD)
Crichton, Michael. EATERS OF THE DEAD February, 16 (PM)
Curry, Jane Louise. POOR TOM'S GHOST July, 37 (MZB)

Dann, Jack. STARHIKER July, 33 (MZB)
Davidson, Robert K. GREAT MONSTERS OF THE MOVIES July, 17 (RD)
de Camp, L. Sprague. LOVECRAFT: A BIOGRAPHY March, 37 (*)
de Camp, L. Sprague. see also Howard, Robert E.
DeWeese, Gene. JEREMY CASE June, 31 (JF)
Dick, Philip K., and Zelazny, Roger. DEUS IRAE February, 17 (JS)
Dick, Philip K. FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. July, 39 (*)
Dickinson, Peter. THE BLUE HAWK January, 25 (JF)
Dickson, Gordon R. THE PRITCHER MASS February, 33 (SC)
Dillard, R. H. W. HORROR FILMS February, 27 (BW)
Disch, Thomas M., and Naylor, Charles, eds. NEW CONSTELLATIONS: An Anthology of Tomorrow's Mythologies May, 20 (RD)
THE DISNEY POSTER BOOK July, 18 (FP)
Donaggio, Pino. CARRIE (recording) April, 26 (RD)

Edson, J. T. BUNDUKI June, 24 (FP)
Effinger, George Alec. RELATIVES March, 31 (JF)
Eklund, Gordon. THE GRAYSPACE BEAST March, 10 (AW)
Eklund, Gordon. see also Anderson, Poul
Ellison, Harlan. DEATHBIRD STORIES March, 38 (*)
Evans, Larry. 3-DIMENSIONAL MONSTER MAZES March, 25 (DD)
Evans, Robley. J. R. R. TOLKIEN January, 33 (TE)

Fabian, Stephen E. FANTASTIC NUDES, 2nd series February, 26 (JF)
Farmer, Philip José. FLIGHT TO OPAR January, 16 (JP)
Farson, Daniel. THE MAN WHO WROTE DRACULA: A Biography of Bram Stoker April, 20 (FP)
Farson, Daniel. VAMPIRES, ZOMBIES AND MONSTER MEN April, 21 (SC)
Ferman, Edward L., and Malzberg, Barry N., eds. ARENA: SPORTS SF February, 8 (AW)
Finney, Jack. THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS April, 24 (WM)
Frank, Alan. MONSTERS AND VAMPIRES April, 28 (BW)
Frimmer, Steven. NEVERLAND: Fabled Places & Fabulous Voyages of History & Legend March, 24 (SC)

Gardner, John. DRAGON, DRAGON AND OTHER TALES June, 11 (DD)
Gerani, Gary, and Schulman, Paul H. FANTASTIC TELEVISION July, 16 (DC)
Gold, Horace L. "WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF LAST?" February, 19 (RD)
Goldin, Stephen, and Smith, E. E. "Doc". STRANGLERS' MOON March, 36 (RC)
Gotlieb, Phyllis. O MASTER CALIBAN! February, 12 (FP)
Grant, C. L. THE SHADOW OF ALPHA February, 32 (MW)
Greenberg, Martin Harry, and Olander, Joseph D., eds. TOMORROW, INC.: SF Stories About Big Business March, 15 (NB)
Greenberg, Martin Harry. see also Clem, Ralph
Greene, David L., ed. see Baum, L. Frank
Greene, Douglas, and Hearn, Michael Patrick. W. W. DENSLOW May, 24 (FP)
Gunn, James, ed. NEBULA AWARD STORIES TEN June, 38 (*)

Haggard, H. Rider. HEART OF THE WORLD June, 7 (JS)
Haining, Peter, ed. WEIRD TALES: A Facsimile of the World's Most Famous Fantasy Magazine April, 14 (FP)
Haldeman, Joe. MINDBRIDGE January, 24 (JS)
Hall, John Ryder. FUTUREWORLD July, 25 (TVM)
Hall, John Ryder. SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER July, 26 (FP)
Harrison, Harry. THE BEST OF HARRY HARRISON February, 31 (PM)
Harrison, Harry. SKYFALL May, 14 (MW)
Harrison, M. John. THE PASTEL CITY January, 20 (MB)
Hearn, Michael Patrick. see Greene, Douglas
Herbert, Frank. UNDER PRESSURE June, 26 (FD)
Hildebrand, Tim. ROTWANG or the Delirious Precision of Dreams January, 36 (SC)
Hill, Douglas, see Robinson, Gail
Hillegas, Mark R., ed. SHADOWS OF IMAGINATION: The Fantasies of C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien, and Charles Williams February, 20 (JS)
Hodgson, William Hope. THE BOATS OF "GLEN CARRIG" February, 11 (JS)
Hodgson, William Hope. THE GHOST PIRATES February, 11 (JS)
Hodgson, William Hope. THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND February, 11 (JS)
Hodgson, William Hope. THE NIGHT LAND February, 11 (JS)
Hoke, Helen, ed. GHOSTS AND GHASTLIES April, 21 (FP)
Howard, Robert E.; Lord, Glenn, ed. THE BOOK OF ROBERT E. HOWARD January, 6 (AC)
Howard, Robert E. THE IRON MAN January, 6 (AC)
Howard, Robert E. THE LOST VALLEY OF ISKANDER January, 6 (AC)
Howard, Robert E.; Lord, Glenn, ed. PIGEONS FROM HELL March, 28 (TE)
Howard, Robert E. ROBERT E. HOWARD'S CONAN: THE BLOODSTAINED GOD and THE CURSE OF THE MONOLITH (recording/read by L. Sprague de Camp) May, 31 (FP)
Howard, Robert E. ROBERT E. HOWARD'S CONAN: THE TOWER OF THE ELEPHANT and THE FROST GIANT'S DAUGHTER (recording/dramatized) May, 31 (FP)
Howard, Robert E. ROGUES IN THE HOUSE January, 5 (FP)
Howard, Robert E.; Lord, Glenn, ed. THE SECOND BOOK OF ROBERT E. HOWARD January, 6 (AC)
Howard, Robert E. THE SOWERS OF THE THUNDER January, 6 (AC)
Howard, Robert E. THE SOWERS OF THE THUNDER January, 9 (FP)
Howard, Robert E. TIGERS OF THE SEA January, 6 (AC)
Howard, Robert E. THE VULTURES OF WHAPETON January, 6 (AC)
Hughes, Monica. CRISIS ON CONSHELF TEN July, 38 (JF)
Hughes, Ted. MOON-WHALES AND OTHER MOON POEMS April, 24 (MW)

Irwin, William Robert. THE GAME OF THE IMPOSSIBLE: A Rhetoric of Fantasy May, 23 (NB)

Jarrell, Randall. THE BAT-POET June, 13 (RD)
Jarrell, Randall. FLY BY NIGHT February, 24 (RD)
Jeter, K. W. THE DREAMFIELDS February, 37 (FP)
John, Laurie, ed. COSMOLOGY NOW July, 37 (NB)

Kahn, Herman; Brown, William; and Martel, Leon. THE NEXT 200 YEARS January, 34 (MBL)
Kaminsky, Stuart M. AMERICAN FILM GENRES: Approaches to a Critical Theory of Popular Film July, 17 (RD)
Kangilaski, Jaan. THE SEEKING SWORD May, 38 (MZB)
Kennedy, Richard. THE BLUE STONE February, 24 (FP)
Key, Alexander. JAFFER, THE DOG FROM ELSEWHERE March, 20 (FP)
King, Stephen. CARRIE April, 32 (RD)
King, Stephen. THE SHINING April, 6 (FP)
Knapp, Lawrence. THE FIRST EDITIONS OF PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER January, 34 (LS)
Kneale, Nigel. THE YEAR OF THE SEX OLYMPICS AND OTHER TV PLAYS July, 21 (BW)
Knight, Damon. THE BEST OF DAMON KNIGHT January, 23 (MB)
Knight, Damon. ed. TURNING POINTS: Essays on the Art of Science Fiction July, 35 (JB)
Koontz, Dean R. DEMON SEED July, 23 (RD)
Kornbluth, C. M.; Pohl, Frederik, ed. THE

BEST OF C. M. KORNBLUTH May, 8 (MB)
Kotzwinkle, William. DOCTOR RAT March, 10 (RBA)
Kurtz, Katherine. CAMBER OF CULDI January, 19 (SW)
Kuttner, Henry. HENRY KUTTNER: MIMSY WERE THE BOROGOVES (recording/read by William Shatner) February, 29 (BW)

Lamb, Hugh, ed. THE TASTE OF FEAR: 13 Eerie Tales of Horror February, 14 (TR)
Landis, Arthur H. A WORLD CALLED CAMELOT January, 21 (AW)
Laumer, Keith. BOLO: The Annals of the Dinochrome Brigade January, 27 (RC)
Lee, Christopher, and Parry, Michael, eds. FROM THE ARCHIVES OF EVIL, NO. 2 May, 35 (RC)
Lee, Tanith. THE STORM LORD January, 18 (MW)
Lee, Vernon. FOR MAURICE: Five Unlikely Stories July, 30 (RB)
Le Guin, Ursula K. THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS March, 26 (MB)
Le Guin, Ursula K. NEBULA AWARD STORIES ELEVEN July, 29 (JS)
Le Guin, Ursula K. THE WIND'S TWELVE QUARTERS May, 39 (*)
Leiber, Fritz. THE BOOK OF FRITZ LEIBER April, 29 (MW)
Leiber, Fritz. THE MIND SPIDER AND OTHER STORIES April, 31 (DD)
Leiber, Fritz. OUR LADY OF DARKNESS April, 4 (RD)
Leiber, Fritz. SHIPS TO THE STARS April, 31 (AW)
Leiber, Fritz. THE WORLDS OF FRITZ LEIBER April, 29 (MB)
Leinster, Murray. THE BRAIN-STEALERS March, 31 (RC)
Lem, Stanislaw. THE INVESTIGATION June, 23 (MW)
Lessing, Doris. THE MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR March, 29 (CC)
Levin, Betty. THE FORESPOKEN January, 35 (DD)
Lord, Glenn, ed. THE LAST CELT: A Bio-Bibliography of Robert Ervin Howard January, 4 (FP)
Lord, Glenn. see also Howard, Robert E.
THE LORD OF THE RINGS 1977 CALENDAR April, 26 (FP)
Lovecraft, H. P. THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD May, 32 (TE)
Lovecraft, H. P.; Carter, Lin, ed. THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH May, 33 (AW)
Lovecraft, H. P., and Others. THE HORROR IN THE MUSEUM April, 36 (RC)
Lovecraft, H. P. H. P. LOVECRAFT: THE DUNWICH HORROR (recording/read by David McCallum) April, 27 (BW)
Lovelace, Delos W. KING KONG July, 19 (AW)
Lucas, George. STAR WARS: From the Adventures of Luke Skywalker July, 10 (SJC)
Lupoff, Richard. LISA KANE February, 23 (RD)
Lupoff, Richard A. SWORD OF THE DEMON July, 32 (JB)

MacGillavry, Caroline H. FANTASY & SYMMETRY: The Periodic Drawings of M. C. Escher February, 26 (GB)
McCaffrey, Anne. DRAGONFLIGHT June, 37 (CP)
McCaffrey, Anne. DRAGONSINGER May, 27 (MW)
McCallum, David. see Lovecraft, H. P.
McCauley, Kirby, ed. BEYOND MIDNIGHT April, 32 (FP)
McCauley, Kirby, ed. FRIGHTS: New Stories of Suspense and Supernatural Terror April, 13 (RD)
McClary, Thomas Calvert. REBIRTH: When Everyone Forgot May, 17 (MW)
McClelland, Doug. DOWN THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD: The Making of The Wizard of Oz January, 37 (BW)
McKenney, Kenneth. THE PLANTS April, 38 (*)
Malzberg, Barry N. DOWN HERE IN THE DREAM QUARTER February, 4 (AB)
Malzberg, Barry N. REVELATIONS February, 6 (RD)
Malzberg, Barry N., and Pronzini, Bill. THE RUNNING OF BEASTS February, 7 (RD)
Malzberg, Barry N. see also Brennert, Alan, and Ferman, Edward L.
Manchel, Frank. AN ALBUM OF GREAT SCIENCE FICTION FILMS July, 12 (FP)
Marsh, Richard. THE BEETLE May, 12 (TR)
Martel, Leon. see Kahn, Herman
Martinson, Harry. ANIARA June, 4 (MB)
Maxwell, Ann. THE SINGER ENIGMA June, 34 (MBL)
Meredith, Richard C. NO BROTHER, NO FRIEND July, 30 (TR)
Merritt, A., and Bok, Hannes. THE FOX WOMAN and THE BLUE PAGODA and THE BLACK WHEEL April, 16 (FP)
Merwin, Jr., Sam. CHAUVINISTO June, 37 (DD)
Miller, Walter James. see Verne, Jules
Miller, Jr., Walter M. A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ June, 29 (JC)
Moorcock, Michael. THE CHAMPION OF GARATHORM January, 13 (MG)
Moorcock, Michael. COUNT BRASS January, 13 (MG)
Moorcock, Michael. ELRIC OF MELNIBONE January, 11 (MJ)
Moorcock, Michael. THE JEWEL IN THE SKULL January, 15 (FP)
Moorcock, Michael. THE QUEST FOR TANELORN January, 13 (MG)
Moorcock, Michael. THE SAILOR ON THE SEAS OF FATE January, 12 (MJ)
Moore, Brian. THE GREAT VICTORIAN COLLECTION February, 32 (DD)
Moore, Ward. BRING THE JUBILEE June, 8 (JF)
Moskowitz, Sam. CHARLES FORT: A RADICLE CORPUSCLE January, 32 (FP)
Moskowitz, Sam. STRANGE HORIZONS: The Spectrum of Science Fiction January, 31 (AW)
Munro, John. A TRIP TO VENUS January, 29 (DD)
Myers, Robert J. THE SLAVE OF FRANKENSTEIN March, 15 (JF)

Naylor, Charles. see Disch, Thomas M.
Nelson, R. F. THEN BEGGARS COULD RIDE February, 36 (FP)
Newman, Robert. THE BOY WHO COULD FLY June, 12 (AR)
Nichols, Ruth. SONG OF THE PEARL March, 21 (MW)
Nimoy, Leonard. see Wells, H. G.
Niven, Larry. A WORLD OUT OF TIME January, 28 (FL)
Norton, Andre. PERILOUS DREAMS March, 27 (MJ)

Olander, Joseph D. see Greenberg, Martin Harry, and Clem, Ralph
O'Neill, Gerard K. THE HIGH FRONTIER: Human Colonies in Space May, 25 (MBL)

Page, Thornton & Lou Williams, eds. SPACE SCIENCE AND ASTRONOMY: ESCAPE FROM EARTH February, 22 (JMF)
Pangborn, Edgar. THE JUDGEMENT OF EVE June, 6 (MW)
Panshin, Alexei. FAREWELL TO YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW February, 39 (*)
Parry, Michel, ed. THE DEVIL'S CHILDREN April, 34 (SW)
Parry, Michel, ed. THE ROOTS OF EVIL April, 7 (HE)
Parry, Michel. see also Lee, Christopher
Pascall, Jeremy. THE KING KONG STORY July, 20 (RD)
Patten, Brian. MR. MOON'S LAST CASE February, 22 (CP)
Picano, Felice. EYES April, 11 (HE)
Picano, Felice. SMART AS THE DEVIL April, 33 (HE)
Piserchia, Doris. A BILLION DAYS OF EARTH June, 16 (RBR)
Pohl, Carol & Frederik, eds. SCIENCE FICTION DISCOVERIES June, 19 (RD)
Pohl, Frederik. IN THE PROBLEM PIT February, 33 (SC)
Pohl, Frederik. see also Kornbluth, C. M.
Powers, Richard Gid. see Stockton, Frank R.
Pronzini, Bill. see Malzberg, Barry N.

Quinn, Seabury; Weinberg, Robert, ed. THE DEVIL'S BRIDE May, 36 (JF)
Quinn, Seabury; Weinberg, Robert, ed. THE HELLFIRE FILES OF JULES DE GRANDIN May, 37 (TE)
Quinn, Seabury; Weinberg, Robert, ed. THE SKELETON CLOSET OF JULES DE GRANDIN May, 36 (FP)

Rae, Hugh C. HARKFAST: The Making of the King May, 16 (FM)
Reade, Quinn. QUEST OF THE DARK LADY January, 22 (FP)
Reynolds, Mack. GALACTIC MEDAL OF HONOR June, 28 (CHP)
Reynolds, Mack. ROLLTOWN March, 33 (MW)
Robbins, Tom. EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES June, 15 (RD)
Roberts, Keith. PAVANE February, 36 (MW)
Robinson, Gail, and Hill, Douglas. COYOTE THE TRICKSTER: Legends of the North American Indians May, 29 (JB)
Roemer, Kenneth M. THE OBSOLETE NECESSITY: America in Utopian Writings, 1888–1900 March, 18 (NB)
Rotsler, William. "ON NOVELIZATIONS OF FILM SCRIPTS" (Original *DF&SFR* essay) July, 26
Rovin, Jeff. THE FABULOUS FANTASY FILMS July, 13 (BW)
Roy, John Flint. A GUIDE TO BARSOOM January, 16 (JMF)
Russell, Ray. INCUBUS April, 18 (RD)

Sargent, Pamela, ed. BIOFUTURES: Science Fiction Stories About Biological Metamorphosis June, 27 (AW)
Sargent, Pamela, ed. MORE WOMEN OF

WONDER: Science Fiction Novelettes by Women About Women June, 17 (EC)
Schulman, Paul H. see Gerani, Gary
Schweitzer, Darrell, ed. ESSAYS LOVECRAFTIAN April, 19 (RD)
Schweitzer, Darrell. SF VOICES February, 21 (RD)
Seltzer, David. THE OMEN July, 39 (*)
Semple, Jr. Lorenzo. THE COMPLETE SCRIPT OF THE DINO DE LAURENTIIS PRODUCTION OF KING KONG July, 20 (RD)
Shatner, William. see Kuttner, Henry
Shepard, Leslie, ed. THE DRACULA BOOK OF GREAT VAMPIRE STORIES April, 17 (FP)
Silverberg, Robert, ed. THE CRYSTAL SHIP: Three Original Novellas of Science Fiction May, 10 (RD)
Silverberg, Robert. SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE February, 11, (JS)
Silverberg, Robert. THE SHORES OF TOMORROW: Eight Stories of Science Fiction March, 12 (MJ)
Silverberg, Robert. THE STOCHASTIC MAN February, 39 (*)
Simak, Clifford D. CITY June, 17 (MW)
Simak, Clifford D. SO BRIGHT THE VISION June, 24 (DD)
Smith, E. E. "Doc". see Goldin, Stephen
Sohl, Jerry. I, ALEPPO March, 32 (MW)
Spano, Jr., Charles A. see Cogswell, Theodore R.
Spelman, Dick, ed. A PRELIMINARY CHECKLIST OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHED BY BALLANTINE BOOKS (1953–1974) May, 24 (FP)
Spelman, Dick, ed. SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY PUBLISHED BY ACE BOOKS (1953–1968) May, 24 (FP)
Stapledon, Olaf. LAST MEN IN LONDON March, 14 (TR)
STAR WARS (film) July, 8 (BW)
Stockton, Frank R.; Powers, Richard Gid, ed. THE SCIENCE FICTION OF FRANK R. STOCKTON February, 18 (JF)
Straub, Peter. JULIA May, 38 (BW)
Strick, Philip. SCIENCE FICTION MOVIES July, 14 (BW)
Stuart, Forbes. THE MAGIC HORNS March, 22 (CP)
Sturgeon, Theodore. STURGEON: Theodore Sturgeon Reads (recording) May, 32 (PW)
Swann, Thomas Burnett. THE TOURNAMENT OF THORNS June, 30 (SW)

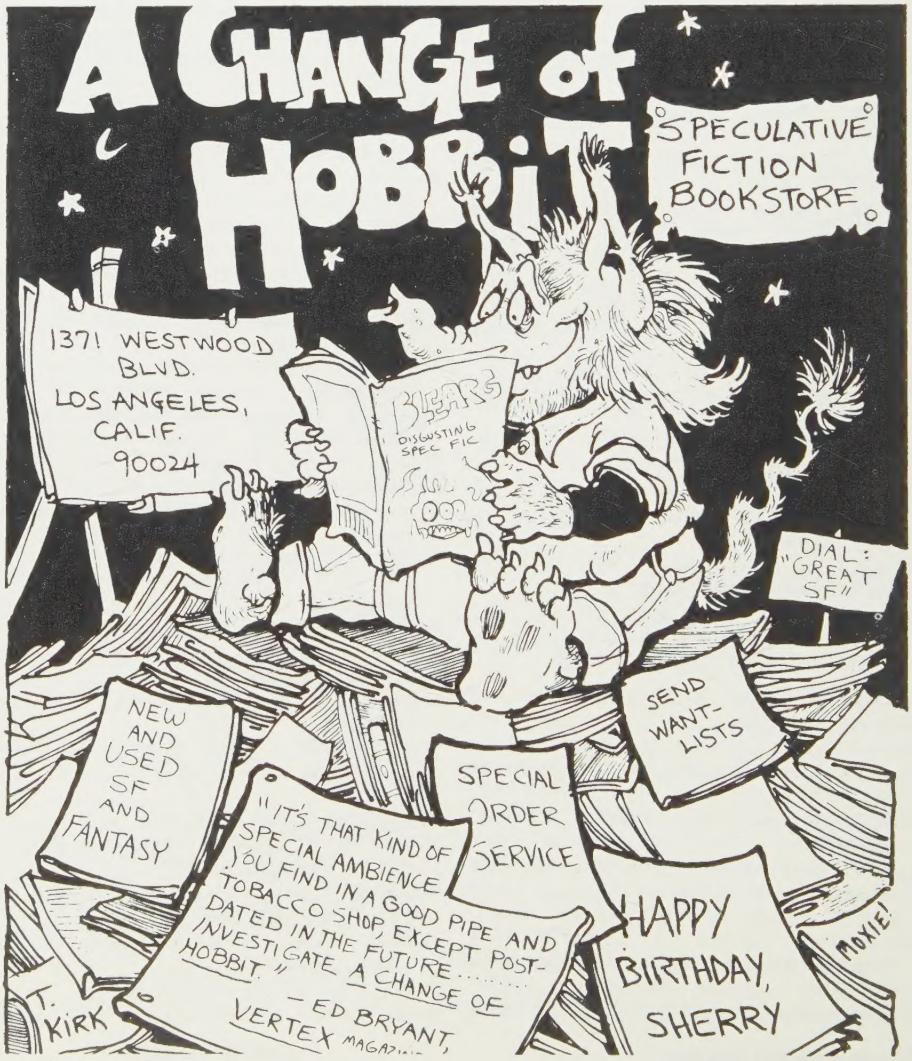
Taine, John. THE IRON STAR May, 22 (JF)
Tevis, Walter THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH July, 25 (MW)
Timlett, Peter Valentine. THE POWER OF THE SERPENT January, 18 (JF)
Timlett, Peter Valentine. THE SEED-BEARERS January, 18 (JF)
Tripp, Wallace. GRANFA' GRIG HAD A PIG and Other Rhymes Without Reason from Mother Goose May 30 (FP)
Tripp, Wallace. SIR TOBY JINGLE'S BEASTLY JOURNEY January, 35 (RD)
Tropp, Martin. MARY SHELLEY'S MONSTER: The Story of Frankenstein March, 17 (NB)
Turek, Leslie, ed. THE NOREASCON PROCEEDINGS March, 17 (MG)

van Vogt, A. E. THE BEST OF A. E. VAN VOGT March, 36 (JK)
van Vogt, A. E. THE BLAL February, 34 (FP)
van Vogt, A. E. THE GRYB February, 34 (FP)
Verne, Jules; Miller, Walter James, ed. THE ANNOTATED JULES VERNE: TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA February, 18 (NB)

Wager, Walter. VIPER THREE July, 23 (CM)
Wagner, Karl Edward. BLOODSTONE January, 38 (*)
Wagner, Karl Edward. DARK CRUSADE April, 35 (TE)
Wagner, Karl Edward. LEGION FROM THE SHADOWS January, 10 (JWW)
Wallace, Daisy, ed. WITCH POEMS April, 25 (RD)
Warner, Sylvia Townsen. KINGDOMS OF ELFIN May, 11 (MW)
Webb, Lucas. THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY: A Political Fantasy March, 24 (FP)
Weinberg, Robert. THE ANNOTATED GUIDE TO ROBERT E. HOWARD'S SWORD & SORCERY January, 9 (JS)
Weinberg, Robert. see also Quinn, Seabury
Wells, H. G. H. G. WELLS: THE WAR OF THE WORLDS (recording/read by Leonard Nimoy) February, 30 (BW)
Werfel, Franz. STAR OF THE UNBORN February, 35 (MW)
Wilhelm, Kate. WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG June, 38 (*)
Williams, Jay. EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT A DRAGON LOOKS LIKE May, 30 (JB)
Williams, John. STAR WARS (recording) July, 11 (BW)
Wilson, F. Paul. HEALER January, 26 (TR)
Wilson, Gahan, ed. GAHAN WILSON'S FAVORITE TALES OF HORROR April, 35 (RC)
THE WITCH BOOK April, 24 (CP)
Wolfe, Gene. THE DEVIL IN A FOREST March, 21 (BF)
Wollheim, Donald A., ed. THE BEST FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD: European Science Fiction May, 15 (MB)
Wurf, Karl. TO SERVE MAN: A COOKBOOK FOR PEOPLE January, 37 (FP)
Wylie, Philip. THE MURDERER INVISIBLE February, 14 (AW)

Yarbro, Chelsea Quinn. TIME OF THE FOURTH HORSEMAN February, 12 (SJC)

Zelazny, Roger. BRIDGE OF ASHES June, 35 (SW)
Zelazny, Roger. DAMNATION ALLEY March, 30 (WH)
Zelazny, Roger. DOORWAYS IN THE SAND March, 38 (*)
Zelazny, Roger. ISLE OF THE DEAD January, 25 (JWW)
Zelazny, Roger. SIGN OF THE UNICORN January, 38 (*)
Zelazny, Roger. see also Dick, Philip K.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HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SHERRY
MOXIE!
T. KIRK

it. Whereupon it decides this is a bad thing and turns itself off. Aliens conquer the survivors of the years of barbarism and . . . You know the rest.

Similarly, in The Story of Aesir, a matriarchal race led by the Sarn Mother (the only alien Campbell shows capable of learning anything) has conquered Earth. After thousands of years of rebuilding men decide to rebel. The story would have been much stronger if the human women rebelled as well. The humans win only because of the super-weapon they pull out of a hat. The psychological foundations of their strategy call for assuming that alien females behave exactly as the worst stereotyped human females do. Worse, Campbell says things like, "Man will sacrifice everything he has for something he hopes for, an ideal; but while woman will fight for an ideal, she will not give up the good she has to gain it." Later writers would pick up on this nonsense-Campbell rather than the man who was capable of creating well-rounded female characters.

One of these actually appears in **Cloak of Aesir**, in a minor story called "The Escape," which holds up the best of any story in the book because it doesn't deal in planetary history or philosophy of man or epic warfare. In fact, the plot is trite idiocy about lovers planning to circumvent the Genetics Board. In this story, though, the female lead is intelligent, capable and solid, while the man she is being forced to marry isn't really such a bad egg after all. The result is pleasant and non-preachy, but "Cloak of Aesir" became famous instead.

Rounding out the book is another minor story. "Forgetfulness" deals with a "decadent" race which turns out to be so advanced they have forgotten even their super-science just as their visitors have forgotten how to make stone knives. The superior "aliens," however, are revealed to be Earthmen, and Campbell is revealed as consistent to a fault.

Most of the "stories" in the 1948 collection **Who Goes There?** aren't really stories at all, any more than the books before **Pamela** were novels. Campbell was always a yarn-spinner at heart and was never happier than when he could dispense with the trappings of fiction and have his characters settle down with a campfire tale. This mode didn't need believable dialogue or characters, which was just as well, since it was rare when Campbell could come up with either.

"Blindness," for example, is a long and mostly incomprehensible lecture about the glories of atomic power, with, oddly for Campbell, a downbeat ending featuring a scientist whose "minor" discovery turns out to be the major one after all.

In "Frictional Losses" the characters simply lecture each other about how it used to be before the war until the protagonist reverses a connection and produces a machine that eliminates friction. "Dead Knowledge" is a puzzle story in which a crew of explorers must figure out why an entire race suicided simultaneously. (There are some writers still rewriting this story.) Another yarn-like pseudo-story is "Elimination" which is intended to prove that some inventions are too dangerous to be let loose, no matter what the benefits.

And then there are the classics. Most of Campbell's reputation rests on three stories: "Who Goes There," "Twilight" and its semi-sequel "Night." The first two made the Science Fiction Hall of Fame and are now beyond second-guessing. Despite the inevitable flaws (it is much too long, the dialogue stilted, the characters wooden), "Who Goes There?" works. Set in an Antarctic scientific camp, cut off from the rest of the world, the scientists have to struggle with one immediate problem.

Buried for thousands of years under the ice, an alien is brought back to life. Its power: the ability to swallow living things and duplicate them cell by cell so that they seem exactly as they were before, but are really aliens themselves, ready to divide in amoebalike fashion and move on to another victim. The problem: how to keep it from spreading; worse, how to tell who or what has already been taken over. There is no greater terror than the suspicion that the colleagues and friends in whom you've placed your trust might now be your deadliest enemies. Campbell manages to build suspense out of the scientific problem while exploring all the possible emotional reactions of those shut in with fear.

"Twilight" is a spiritual opposite, a sheer mood piece about an already realized death: the hope for the advancement of the human race. Seven million years in the future the few remnants of man have lost their curiosity, while perfect and undying cities of a distant past continue to function to no purpose. The story is frankly Wellsian, and the distance that the pulps had traveled from the still respectable fantasies of the English book world of the thirties is underscored by the fact that every magazine bounced the story before a change of publisher at *Astounding* allowed it to see print. There is nothing distinguished about the structure (it is another yarn, told second-hand) or the writing, but the quiet desperation that Campbell portrays hit the super-science readers hard in 1934 and still retains a glimmering of the power it once had.

"Night" takes "Twilight" one step further by featuring the painful senility of the entire universe as seen from a cold bleak Earth, a trillion or more years in the future. It is little more than the previous story rewritten, so whatever I said about "Twilight" applies here as well (with the caveat that Campbell essentially uses magic to get his narrator to the future and back).

Even for the reader who has a serious interest in Campbell, for whatever reason, I can't recommend these particular books. Ballantine now has out **The Best of John W. Campbell**, with ten of the fourteen stories in these two books, plus a couple of others, for only $1.95 (or $2.49 for the SF Book Club hardcover edition). For only a very few will the Campbell introductions (taken from the original 1948 and 1952 Shasta editions), heavy bindings and acid-free paper and four minor stories be worth the extra money.

And if you ask whether Campbell is even worth your two dollars, remember all the people who would scream yes. But be sure to remember also that it was a very different world back then.

–Steve Carper

MAGIC SQUARES *by Paul Calter*
New York: Thomas Nelson. 1977, $7.95, 143 pp.
ISBN: 0-8407-6546-0 LC: 77-1213

The flap copy for this book says, "The book started as a collection of computer problems, loosely connected with a story to make them more interesting." The author should have stayed with his original intent of providing a book of computer problems.

It is difficult to determine the projected audience for this volume. The book is not really suitable as a novel for young people because of the persistent sexual innuendo; it is not suitable as an adult book because it is silly without being silly-humorous or silly-serious. It is simply silly-droll and silly-boring.

The main character is Matrix Inverse, a computer expert turned detective. A

nasty villain, Sebastian Sinusoid, has found a way to foul up the operation of every computer in the country. He threatens to wreak havoc on the nation if we do not phase out the use of computers at once.

The FBI immediately turns to Matrix Inverse (no reasoning given—he's never worked for them before) to solve the puzzle, and Mat skips about the country and the world getting trapped in wine presses, getting shot at—all the things secret agents and detectives usually do.

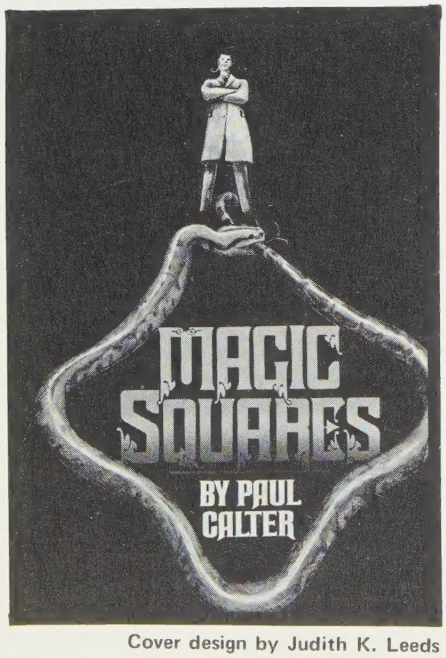
Would you believe a college sweetheart by the name of Polly Nomial? A go-go dancer named Karen Kleinbottle? A secretary named Ana Gram? Characters named Felicia Format, Data Read, and Patricia Prime? It's all here. Not that silliness is a bad thing in itself—but pointless silliness is difficult to take at novel length. The best part of the book is the series of problems presented. Mat is compiling a book of computer problems, and it seems everywhere he turns in the story he stumbles over new computer problems. So he writes them down, of course.

It is difficult to criticize this book effectively because the author's and publisher's intentions are unclear. Since the story has hard-science computer work in it, and since it is also a story with a villain who hopes to take over the US, presumably the book will be promoted as sf or borderline sf. But it is obvious that the author knows or cares very little about modern sf. And, as noted earlier, the book has too much suggestive innuendo to be a good juvenile, too much gratuitous silliness and simplemindedness to be a good adult book.

I suspect the book will find its readership among those who ordinarily would not touch sf. The computer theme will give such readers a feeling that the book is modern without being futuristic, the sexual overtones will let them believe the book is intended for a sophisticated audience, and the characters' names and slapstick actions may offer some comic relief to those readers who still fall down and roll in the aisles when someone puts his foot in a bucket or slips on a banana peel.

But I certainly can't recommend this book to libraries—would it go in the adult or juvenile section?—and I won't recommend it to serious readers of quality sf. Let the book find its own audience.

—Keith L. Justice



Cover design by Judith K. Leeds

THE FUZZY PAPERS *by H. Beam Piper*
Garden City, NY: Nelson Doubleday/SF Book Club. 1977, $3.50, 309 pp.

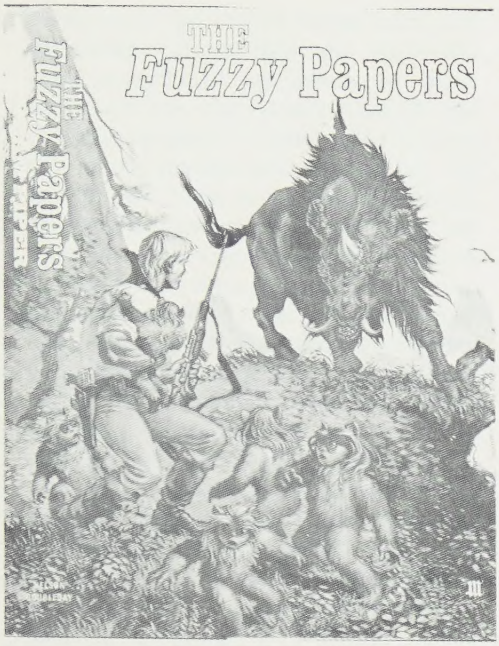
Suddenly the fuzzies have come into their own. Piper's two fuzzy novels were very popular when first published as Avon paperback originals in 1962 and 1964. Piper's death and litigation over his estate tied up rights to the books and made new editions impossible for the next decade. Ace Books recently reprinted them again as paperbacks. Now the two novels have been gathered together by the Science Fiction Book Club and given the hardcover edition they so well deserve.

An expanding humanity has colonized the frontier planet Zarathustra, with a free-enterprise society dominated by the monolithic Chartered Zarathustra Company. A prospector exploring new territory discovers the fuzzies, little hominids who have the combined charm and mischievousness of kittens and monkeys. The fuzzies are obviously smarter than most animals, and may be intelligent enough to qualify as sapient beings. Since the Company's charter rights are dependent upon Zarathustra being an "uninhabited planet," the Company faces ruin if the fuzzies are legally declared an intelligent species.

Little Fuzzy, the first novel, is a fast-paced melodrama which blends both humor and excitement. It tell of the maneuvers in court and the battles outside the law as the fuzzies' human friends and foes fight for or against their rights; while the fuzzies, who have the personalities of six- or eight-year-old children, go around being irresistible. The fuzzies win, of course. The second novel, titled either **Fuzzy Sapiens** or **The Other Human Race**, tells what happens as the fuzzies and humans both explore what their new relationship really means. Again, Piper goes for light melodrama. A genetic imbalance may mean the fuzzies' extinction soon unless human science can find a cure; and a gang kidnaps fuzzies to train them for crime. (They're small enough to easily slip through ventilator shafts into bank vaults.) This latter leads to a dramatic shootout when the good guys finally confront these 'fagins.' (For a lengthier analysis and critique, see the separate reviews of **Little Fuzzy** and **Fuzzy Sapiens** in *DF&SFR*, February and December 1976.)

Basically, the two novels are shallow but deliberately structured to be enjoyable reading for all ages and most tastes. Most of the characters are sympathetic and all are well motivated. One of the nicer touches is that Victor Grego, the lead villain in **Little Fuzzy**, is believably converted into a friend of the fuzzies in the second book and insists on helping out his nonplused former adversaries. There's courtroom drama, the lure of frontier ruggedness, a detective puzzler, some spy action, a romantic subplot between two of the supporting characters, philosophical intellectualism (what constitutes 'intelligence'?), and all those adorable fuzzies. The novels both read like stories the author really enjoyed writing, and he communicates his enthusiasm to the reader. Recommended for junior high libraries on up. Order several copies before it goes out of print; you'll have a continuing demand for this one.

A few words on the confusion about the title of the second novel. Piper was active in the sf fan community during his lifetime, and he let it be known that the sequel to his popular **Little Fuzzy** was to be called **Fuzzy Sapiens**. The original publisher arbitrarily retitled it **The Other Human Race** and Piper let his fans know his displeasure. Today we have two different groups of purists, one insisting that the novel's 'true' title is the author's own, and the other insisting that it's what the book was originally published as. Ace's editors have brought it out as **Fuzzy Sapiens** and the Science



Cover art by Michael R. Whelan

Fiction Book Club has retained **The Other Human Race**. But they are the same story. To add to the confusion, it's known that Piper had completed a third fuzzy novel only weeks before his death, to be called **Fuzzies and Other People**, but the manuscript is apparently lost. And that's the news on the fuzzy front.

If the third fuzzy novel is found it'll probably be good news for Michael Whelan, who has painted the covers for all three of the new reprints. A good part of their commercial success is undoubtedly due to their appealing cover scenes.

–Frederick Patten

CRACKPOT *by Ron Goulart*
Garden City, NY: Doubleday. 1977, $5.95, 150 pp.
ISBN: 0-385-11640-3 LC: 76-23764

Reading the jacket of Ron Goulart's latest book, I wondered what kind of nut would write something titled **Crackpot**. After reading the book, I now know. Goulart is the kind of nut who would:

invent at least a dozen nonsense words to replace the word "derriere";

have a main character react to the discovery that he is a human bomb with, "Yeah, that's what they did at the Med Wing . . . Some kind of implanted bomb? I've never heard of anything like that";

use the following as if he were writing copy for Batman and Robin: wham, bam, slam, bong, thump, krump, cluck, ching, wap, bong, wang, bung, clong, thunk, thud, gurgle, spurgle, boom, ping, blam, zizz, buzz, brr, slurp, splash, bop, zunk, tweet, pok, zizzle, click, rattle, clatter, butz, thung, slush, pop, and bonk.

Crackpot is the nickname of Lewis Arundel, a rich man who was crippled by machinery at the age of four and who vows revenge against the National Robot and Android Company. He invents "The Gadget," a small white ball with 10 protruding knobs that enables its holder to control any existing robot. The NRA wants to regain control of its machines and sets out to capture Crackpot.

In addition to his mechanical genius, Crackpot can teleport, and foresee the future. The latter brings him into contact with Rafe Santana, a reporter for the Republic of Southern California News Network, investigating the war between the Republic and Annexed Mexico's guerillas. Rafe arranges to meet with Corragandor and other "Mexx" leaders through his old girlfriend Susan Cueras, and Crackpot "sees" that Rafe has been turned into a human bomb by agents of the Republic in order to kill the opposition. Crackpot then removes the bomb by teleportation, only to sense that another human bomb was planted at the meeting. He lures the other man from the scene, the bomb explodes out of range, and the leaders are safe.

Finally, Rafe and Crackpot take control of world television in order to explain what is really happening in the Mexican War. Rafe and Susan are reunited, and Crackpot goes back to work, this time as a renegade in Mexico.

Crackpot could have been a good slapstick comedy, or a good anti-war story, or good satire on the robot-controlled world of tomorrow. Instead it has elements of all three, and the reader is left confused as to just what it is that Goulart tried to do in the book. (An entertainer reacts to the announcement of a guerilla attack with "There goes our audience," and the next scene begins with "Men were dying on all six screens.")

With 36 books to his credit, Goulart could be expected to write better than he demonstrates in **Crackpot**. The book's 150 pages are stretched with every possible device. Chapters are approximately three pages long, and each is separated by a blank page. Characters are awkwardly identified:

"Us?"

"Howie Peet and I."

"That would be young Howie Peet, the Director of the United Federation Secret Police."

In fact, Howie Peet is presented six times as "Howie Peet, Director of the United Federation Secret Police." If this was meant to be funny, it fails. "He said" and "she replied" are replaced by the longer "said his handsome cousin" and "replied Rance Keane's greenheaded wife" (who, by the way, is referred to as having turquoise hair on the preceding page).

Characters are presented for no purpose to fill space. On page 78, "the black agent of the Republic of Southern California Security Bureau" is described as one of five men at a conference, but he has only one line and then disappears from the plot without ever being named.

The plot is so tenuous that it is impossible to find a connection between Crackpot's revenge and Rafe's investigation of the Mexx War. Goulart has to explain on pages 119-20:

"Why are you mixing in Republic affairs?"

"Isn't saving your life motive enough, Santana?"

"Is it?"

"I tell you," said Crackpot, "I've been getting more and more of these damn flashes about events having nothing to do with me or National Robot & Android. Visions of lousy things the Republic is doing to people like you. At

CRACKPOT
How did a well-meaning decent spy get mixed up in a mechanical vendetta . . . ?
RON GOULART
The Mack Sennet of Science Fiction
Doubleday Science Fiction

Illustration by David Wilhelmsen
Typography by Douglas Bergstreser

first I let them pass, ignored them. Now, though, I feel I ought to do something . . . ought to use my talents for something better than clowning."

Goulart should take Crackpot's advice and use his talents for something better, and the reader should wait until he does so before letting go of $6.00.

–Barbara L. Delhotal

NON-FICTION literature

TO QUEBEC AND THE STARS *by H. P. Lovecraft. Edited by L. Sprague de Camp.*
West Kingston, RI: Donald M. Grant. 1976, $15.00, 318 pp.

The greatest problem stemming from undisciplined adulation of popular writers is the rash of "discovered" material that is published to satisfy the fans. There is generally a reason why material is not published professionally during an author's lifetime; either the author felt the material not fit for publication (perhaps not finished) or no editor would buy the material. Most often, such writing is better left unpublished. This latest collection of the nonfiction of H. P. Lovecraft is a case in point.

The first half of the book is divided up into several sections, based on subject matter. The first section, titled "Science," is composed of three installments of an astronomical column Lovecraft wrote for the local newspaper, a letter he wrote to the *Scientific American* magazine, and an article from an amateur magazine. The newspaper articles describe the principal monthly occurences of interest to the stargazer, as well as related mythological tales. In addition, Lovecraft took the opportunity to share with the reader his personal philosophy:

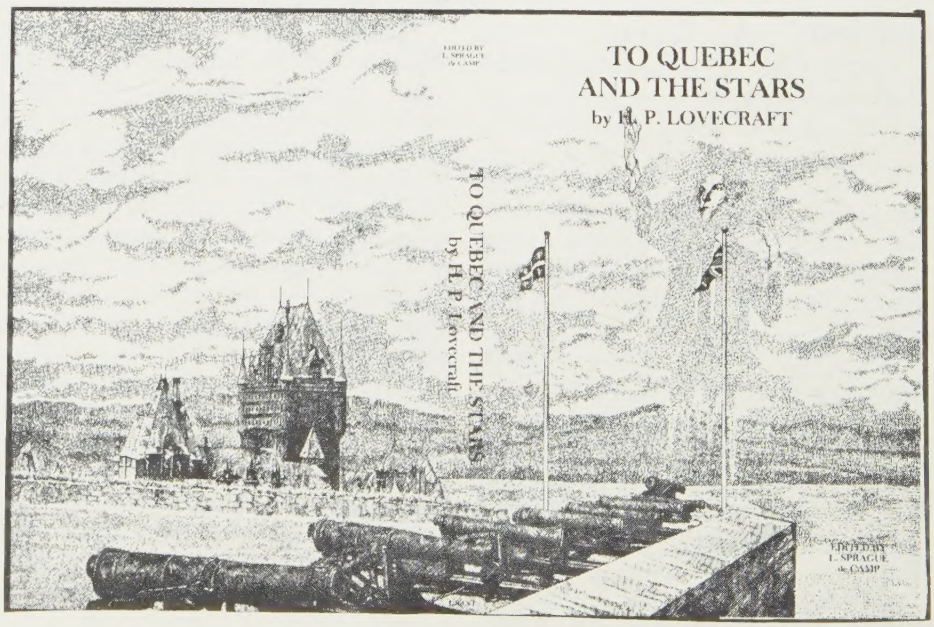
> Man, so far from being the central and supreme object of Nature, is clearly demonstrated to be a mere incident, perhaps an accident, of a natural scheme whose boundless reach relegates him to total insignificance. His presence or absence, his life or death, are obviously matters of utter indifference to the plans of Nature as a whole.

It is a point of view that Lovecraft consistently refers to in his writing.

The second portion, "Literature and Esthetics," begins with two articles from an amateur magazine on the nature of poetry. Predictably, Lovecraft was a literary snob, and strictly conservative. The articles concern the perversion of poetry by "radicals" and the nature of the "allowable rhyme." These are followed with a slightly amusing tale by a mythical member of the literary club founded by Samuel Johnson. (Lovecraft was clearly more comfortable with the writing style of the 18th century than with the modern world.) There follows an article in which Lovecraft attempts to prove that the true giants of the Classical age were Roman artists, rather than Greek. He interweaves his analysis of their literature with his confused impressions of race and ethnology. His powers of perception are dim at best: "On the whole, Roman life moulded Roman literature more than the literature moulded the life."

The section that follows is titled "Philosophy" and consists of various articles on race and politics. In the first, "The Crime of the Century" (1915), Lovecraft condemns the war in Europe on the basis of race. It is his contention that "the maintenance of civilization rests today with that magnificent Teutonic stock which is represented alike by the two hotly contending rivals . . . ," and that "the France, Italy, and Spain of today bear every mark of national degeneracy." This is curiously in contrast to his statement in the chronologically later essay on Roman literature, in which he states that the Roman world exhibited a clear superiority over the "savage code and ideals of the Germans, aliens to the priceless heritage of Latin justice, humanity, and philosophy." There follows an article on "Neitzscheism and Reality" which presents Lovecraft's brief for the benefits of aristocracy and reiterates his opinions on the value of human beings. The section is closed with a brief autobiographical sketch, in which Lovecraft states his hatred for the "huns"—"a German defeat was all I asked or hoped for."

The remainder of the book is taken up with "Travel, Description, and History," composed of three brief articles and "A Description of the Town of Quebeck" (*sic*) which stretches on for nearly 200 pages. That article, which was never published during Lovecraft's lifetime though written six years before his death, is divided into a history of the city and a travelogue of Quebec in the 30s. To state that this article is tedious would be to resort to understatement. The entire piece is written in the style of the 18th century, complete with archaic spelling. "Emigration to Canada had been discourag'd by the fur merchants who wish'd to keep it unpopulated, & by the terrifying accounts of the redskin salvages publisht



Cover art by Robert MacIntyre

in the reports or *Relations* of the Jesuit fathers." (p. 128. *sic, sic,* & *sic*) Lovecraft persists in the opaque references which characterize his horror fiction, refusing to describe "tortures of the most barbarick order, which the victims endur'd with a bravery well-nigh transcending imagination."

Lovecraft wrote this piece as a result of a tour he himself took to Quebec, and it is obvious that he was deeply affected by his experience. Throughout the latter portion of the article, the tour guide, it is obvious that what really intrigued him about the city was its contact with the past, the past he wished to live in. He describes it as "one of the sadly few remaining American strongholds of continuous tradition & social coherence." It is likewise obvious that the writer invested an enormous amount of time in research, as the treatise is encrusted with details: individual tales of heroism, architecture, brief biographies, and statistics. With a great deal of polishing, and much less self-consciousness, it might have been a reasonable (though forgettable) work. But it is a continuous chore to read as it is.

The book, as a whole, is a *boring* volume, and I find it difficult to believe that even the most ardent fan of Lovecraft's could find much enjoyment here. Portions of it provide interesting (if appalling) looks at the nature of the man, but there is really no justification for assembling *all* this material. There must be a great deal more of Lovecraft's work surviving in newspapers and amateur journals. One can only hope that it stays there.

–Jeff Frane

SCIENCE FICTION AT LARGE *edited by Peter Nicholls*
New York: Harper & Row. 1977. $8.95. 224 pp.
ISBN: 0-06-013198-5. LC: 76-50161.

These are 11 lectures delivered in London in the winter of 1975 "about the interface between science fiction and reality," as the sub-title reads. The audience was not limited to fans but rather what Nicholls calls the general sf readership "who rightly or wrongly would rather die than attend a science fiction convention." Sf was to be linked to other areas of human activity, such as history, science or character. Seven of the talks are by sf writers, the others by people whose expertise might shed new light on the field. Nicholls is the editor of *Foundation*, the excellent British journal devoted to sf, and is the administrator of the Science Fiction Foundation, in London, which sponsored the lectures.

Le Guin makes the most effective case I've seen for the novel of character, although she is certainly not the first to do so. She asks us to use a simple question to evaluate a novel: can you remember the central character's name? Science fiction has implicitly rejected the story of character for that of idea, and the field is the worse for it.

> Science Fiction has mostly settled for a pseudo-objective listing of marvels and wonders and horrors which illuminate nothing beyond themselves and are without real moral resonance. The invention is superb, but self-enclosed and sterile. And the more eccentric and childish side of science fiction fandom, the defensive, fanatic in-groups, both feed upon and nourish this kind of triviality, which is harmless in itself, but which degrades taste, by keeping publishers' standards, and readers' and critics' expectations, very low.

She deserved the ovation she received for this lecture, which should be read by all sf readers.

Edward de Bono is an M.D. who specializes in research in the psychology of thinking (**The Mechanism of Mind**, 1959, is one of his several books). Here he talks about the ways we pattern our experience into systems, which can prevent us from seeing alternatives. Insight and humor are two ways of breaking away from a rigid, logical-deductive system. De Bono argues for lateral thinking to free us of these mind sets, a system which is provocative rather than descriptive or analytical.

John Taylor is a math professor with an interest in science and sf. "I consider science fiction to be the art of making a scientific 'if' interesting, a scientific 'if' being a postulate or a proposition of scientific form." That's a somewhat narrow definition which excludes many of the more significant modern works. He usefully explores the innate conservatism of scientific theory, sharply distinguishing between the constraints imposed by perceived reality on the scientist and the freedom afforded the writer. Using black holes as an example, he suggests that science is stranger than fiction and that sf "is not relevant to fundamental research," although it helps to accustom us to change.

John Brunner castigates the pseudo-science all too often associated with sf, taking on Velikovsky, von Daniken, and similar prophets who preach to the gullible. He cites two works which explore this area more fully, Martin Gardner's **Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science** (1957) and Christopher Evans' **Cults of Unreason** (1974). (Charles Fair's **The New Nonsense** (1974) might well have been mentioned.) He unconvincingly eulogizes sf as "*par excellence* the literature of the open mind."

Nicholls says Harry Harrison's speech was "as much a happening as a lecture" and what appears in print is less flamboyant. Harrison discusses the alternate world motif, using his own novel, **A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!**, as the focus of the lecture, which I found of little interest. Alvin Toffler, of **Future Shock** fame, discussed themes in his books, but copyright restrictions limited his printed remarks to two pages.

Alan Garner is a British writer best known for his children's fantasies, such as **Elidor** (1965). Here he recounts in personal and fascinating detail how closely his personal life and his writings are intertwined. Nicholls titles the lecture "Inner Time;" I would call it "Writing as Catharsis." As Garner says, "Perhaps the artist's job is to act as cartographer for all navigators, and I simply plot the maps of inner stars."

Thomas Disch has great fun laying into the sleazy aspects of sf, of which there are many. He argues that most sf is children's literature whose readers commonly began reading it at about 13 years of age. Being children's literature, it has certain severe limitations. It is intellectually undemanding, rarely admitting irony, aesthetic novelty, or recognition of the complexities of the larger society. It is too often emotionally stultifying, ignoring whole areas of human experience such as love, sex and politics. And it is morally shallow, rarely recognizing the tragic dimension of human experience. Disch analyzes the nature of the sf audience and how this shapes and limits the creative writer's efforts. The lower class origin of many sf readers is reflected in the suspicion and resentment implicit in the stories and in the advertisements promising upward mobility through technical or other training. He thinks both sf's

weaknesses and strengths are intrinsic:

> Sf deals with the largest themes and most powerful emotional materials—but in ways that are often irresponsible and trivializing. Altogether too many of us, even the true giants like Philip Dick, are willing to trust our powers of improvisation untempered by powers of retrospect and analysis.

Nicholls' own lecture is somewhat similar to Disch's in general content. Various species of critics are skewered, from trendy Bandwagon Riders to the resolutely mis- or uninformed. Because this criticism was so muddled, a ghetto mentality developed, in which people like Wollheim or Moskowitz could create a cozy self-congratulatory pantheon. Amis and Aldiss take their lumps (as well as deserved praise), and Nicholls includes himself as a Smart Aleck, addicted to an elitist view. If the critics are irritants at worst, the monsters from within the field are more damaging. Many are identified in the other lectures. Nicholls adds the Sentimental Stylist, such as Bradbury and Sturgeon, who have been over-praised by people lacking any real knowledge of the wider world of literature. His catalog of deficiencies is both acerbic and just.

Robert Sheckley substituted for Philip Dick. Sheckley describes himself as a fantasist exploring a fragmented reality. His gentle self-mockery gives his piece an enjoyable quality.

Philip Dick's illness prevented his attending, but his lecture is printed here. Anyone familiar with Dick's fiction will find his comments helpful in understanding his ideas. His discussion of modern brain research and his interpretation of the roles of the brain hemispheres are interesting, if speculative. Dick's metaphysics and ontology struck me as very close to the pseudoscience which Brunner deplores. Nicholls says the advance bookings for the Dick lecture were the heaviest he received, which may tell us something.

Many collections of essays dealing with sf have appeared in recent years, often reprinted from other sources. These are all original pieces and their overall quality is very high, especially those lectures by Le Guin, Garner, Disch and Nicholls. Strongly recommended for all sf readers and for all libraries.

—Neil Barron

SF IN DIMENSION: A Book of Explorations *by Alexei and Cory Panshin*
Chicago: Advent. 1976, $10.00, 342 pp.
ISBN: 0-911682-21-X LC: 76-21424

If authors' convictions were all that mattered in the field of literary criticism and theory, one might be awed by the verbosity and unflagging energy displayed by the Panshins in **SF in Dimension**. Science fiction, however, has always had a large number of commentators and theorists published in dozens of fanzines, bottom heavy with the weight of idiots—these days exemplified by fear-ridden and style-deaf "critics" such as Darrell Schweitzer, who seems to have replaced John J. Pierce as the silliest and squawkiest of this group—and hustling their way into academe via professors who can now reveal their secret vice (if they're careful to make it tedious and obtuse). In this collection of "twenty essays" the Panshins have somehow managed to combine the worst of both the fan and academic approach, emerging with a book that will confuse newcomers and have the knowledgeable reaching for the Pepto-Bismol.

It's bad enough that the book has no form or structure and is annoyingly repetitive—most of these "essays" were published in various magazines/fanzines from 1969 to 1976, and several are book review columns dropped in at random—but even worse is how clearly it demonstrates the Panshins' slide from a once relatively gentle theory of quest to a desperate and aggressive effort to support ideas that are groundless and/or incomprehensible.

The Panshins offer a religious viewpoint, not one of Christian theology but a hazy, uncertain belief in an abstract ideal. It is Bible-belt fundamentalism clumsily disguised to look like knowledge. The Panshins are so busy trying to sidestep loopholes in logic that they become blind to how silly their statements become, often degenerating into romanticized hogwash:

> Fantasy endures in our time in spite of its anachronistic superficial trappings because it has a *special character* that human beings need and seek which cannot be found in any other contemporary fiction. Not in ordinary mimetic literature. And not in science fiction.
>
> In *extraordinary moments*, we may have the sudden conviction that the universe around us is not inert, fragmented and linear, but rather is a responsive whole. *[italics mine]* (p. 79)

I could spend several pages analyzing precisely why I believe the Panshins are up to their ears in bullshit, why they feel they must convince us that their unpleasant search is of importance. I could speak of Alexei's obsessive but interesting examination of the works of Robert Heinlein (**Heinlein in Dimension**, Advent, 1968) in comparison to the section in this book, "Heinlein Reread," that is even more obsessive but far less interesting. I could speak of his past problems with the language, especially in his "New Celebrations" novels, and note that they seem only to have intensified over the years. I could speak of the shocking ineptitude of all his work, both fiction and non-fiction, that has become apparent since his work started carrying a joint by-line with his wife, Cory.

But just reading these 300-odd pages of trash have exhausted me so much that I prefer to let the Panshins handle their own evisceration:

> Fantasy, including science fiction, presents literal actings out of the objectively hidden inner processes of the act of growth. Fantasy stories are subjective models—which is why adolescent readers are so notoriously fond of science fiction. They read it for subjective guidance. (p.100)

[*There you are, kids. Your hidden vices revealed for all the world to see!*]

> Mimetic fiction is social rather than moral in character. It is captivated by the superficial.
> [. . .]
> Moreover, in science fiction stories all acts are not yet perceived to be morally significant. In fantasy magic is clearly white or black, moral or immoral. (p. 80)

[*i.e., if we acknowledge the existence of straitjackets in fantasy, then wearing them must be a natural thing, right? And pay no attention to those who have run about without them—they obviously are perverse and unworthy of notice.*]

It is the successful subjective monomythic journey within oneself to re-contact the wellsprings of intuition that, for example, befits a man who was once an unsuccessful hat salesman to become a more than usually competent President of the United States. It is precisely the subjective quest that is the stuff of science fiction stories and other fantasies. (p. 109)

[*Intuition, schmintuition, and hat salesmen be damned; most of us call it* imagination *because that single word is precise and clear.*]

It's like watching a Supreme Court Justice spit up on himself. (p. 128)

[*No comment.*]

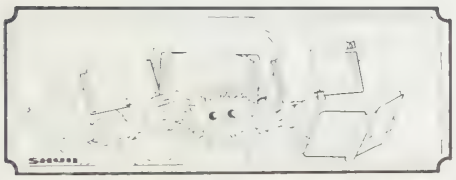
And neither of these [writers], nor nobody else, has been as reckless or as ruthless in his pursuit of the riddle of life as Heinlein has. (p. 134)

[*None comment, I has.*]

Advent Publishers has for many years been the leading small-press publisher of books dealing with science fiction, providing bibliographic indexes, volumes of criticism and history, and all sorts of items that contribute to the documentation and understanding of sf as a genuine and important field of literature.

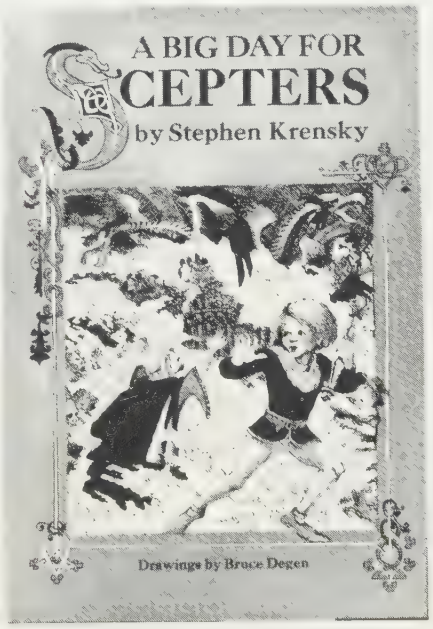
SF in Dimension is the first book of unmitigated drivel that they have published. I certainly hope it will be the last.

–Richard Delap



YOUNG PEOPLE
children

A BIG DAY FOR SCEPTERS *by Stephen Krensky. Illustrated by Bruce Degen.*
New York: Atheneum. 1977, $5.95, 112 pp.
ISBN: 0-689-30567-2 LC: 76-41185



Cover art by Bruce Degen

When I first glanced through **A Big Day for Scepters**, I did not care for Bruce Degen's drawings. I thought them a shade–and just a shade, mind–too distorted. The heads were too big, that sort of thing. But as I read the story, the illustrations either got better or just grew on me. At any rate they seem to fit Stephen Krensky's story quite well. Neither take themselves too seriously.

Calandar, a wizardous private inquiry agent, makes his living undertaking quests which interest him, in exchange for bits of magic–a spell here, a potion there. He is the Good Guy, who views his role with a conscious and self-deprecating irony. It is his humorous awareness of his fallibility, as contrasted against young Corey's confidence in his invincibility, that will make **A Big Day for Scepters** work for some readers. Without this humor, the plot contains too many familiar elements and lacks enough suspense to be successful.

The story is fittingly simple and does not condescend to readers of the 8 to 12 age group. Calandar agrees to a quest on behalf of young Corey, whose aunt thinks high adventure is what Corey needs to mark his coming of age. The recovery of an ancestral scepter should be just the right experience for him. Unfortunately Grogol, a goblin prince whom we are told would like to be a king, is also interested in obtaining the scepter for his own purposes. Of course, the scepter is enchanted and is ready to be turned into a supreme instrument of evil power. The first chapter fills the reader with delicious anticipation by introducing the mysterious scepter and the powerful, ominous Grogol, a seemingly fitting antagonist for our hero, who handles this first meeting with the goblin prince easily but not without a sense of danger. A definite promise of adventure and suspense is given–we all know that Calandar and Corey will win out, but there are signs of enough close calls to assure the reader of a pleasurably exciting journey.

But the promise isn't kept. The predictable encounters with Grogol on the way certainly aren't very frightening even if they can be amusing (as the time Calandar leaves Grogol bobbing up and down in the air, trying to counter the spell that has suspended him harmlessly). Stealing the scepter from its fearsome hawk-like guards, which has been led up to as a major scene, is so easy it makes me wonder why no one has done it before. There is no urgency in the scene. With the fierce giant birds shrieking overhead, there is still a page of interchange between Calandar and Grogol before they swoop–and then they strike at Calandar and the goblin instead of at Corey, who is the one who is holding the scepter. I had the strangest feeling that Krensky had forgotten them.

Tracing the steps required both to fill the scepter with power and to destroy it before it can tempt anyone does not inspire the terror that tampering with evil should. At one point we have Calandar desperately weaving a shielding spell around his friends as they stumble through an endless room filled with mists and mocking voices, the kind of evil meant to trap men's souls. But the scene is only two-thirds of a page long. It lacks the power to do much more than remind the reader that he's seen such rooms elsewhere and seen them better described.

But the major fault of this book is that Calandar is just too good at what he does. The quest hardly represents a challenge to him in spite of his ironic self-appraisal and his insistence that Grogol is a worthy opponent. He may insist that he made a mistake in turning a soldier's spear into dust (thus causing a general alarm), but we know from what we've seen that Calandar will be sure to have a spell ready just in time for all occasions. Indeed, we are not at all surprised to see him instinctively zap one of the bird creatures with a bolt of fire from his fingertips when it stops

circling and finally attacks. In short, for all the magic here, there is no mystery and finally no enchantment.

Still, the book is good-hearted, the main character is likeable, and the style is smooth and light. I doubt if any child would find it memorable, but many will find it entertaining. And a smile is worth something.

–Carol Pugner

BIG BAD BRUCE *by Bill Peet. Illustrated by the author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1977, $7.95, 38 pp. ISBN: 0-395-25150-8 LC: 76-62502*

Bruce is a bear whose greatest pleasure is in frightening the other, smaller animals of Forevergreen Forest by tumbling rocks down slopes without checking to see who might be in the way. Finally, he rolls one boulder too many and just misses Roxy, a witch, and her cat Klinker. Roxy takes revenge by baking a very special pie and leaving it where Bruce can find it.

The ingredients in the pie cause Bruce to shrink smaller than a cat and he is pursued by the rabbits and quails he has tormented for so long. Roxy saves him and takes him home to live with her and Klinker. But Bruce never learns, and when he feels frisky he flips pebbles in the witch's garden at the beetles and caterpillars.

End of story.

As always, Bill Peet's art is exemplary, appropriate to the story and a pleasure to look at. Peet (for those of you not familiar with his work) uses ink and crayons, achieving some fine effects. His twilight scenes are especially well-executed and convey the sunset mood (and if you don't know what *that* is, it's your loss).

Peet's animals are generally anatomically correct and none of them wear bow ties or two-button pants. Emotion is expressed in the line of eye and mouth (or beak) and by posture.

Unfortunately, Peet's writing is not as uniformly good as his drawings. **Big Bad Bruce**, while not as bad as many children's books (and not, in my opinion, the worst book Peet has written–that dubious honor goes to **The Gnats of Knotty Pine**) is not as good as many of his other books, such as **Chester the Worldly Pig, Buford the Little Bighorn, Huge Harold**, or **How Droofus the Dragon Lost His Head** (all of which are still in print).

Peet's stories seem always to have happy endings, a plot device I enthusiastically endorse for children's books. Childhood has enough disappointments to prepare children for frustrated adulthood without drumming it into them through their literature.

Perhaps most important, Peet's best books are written with such a contagious sense of fun that they can be read to children many times without boring either the child or the adult reader.

You might pass this one by, but don't fail to get his really fine books.

–James K. Burk

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EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 3)

was no longer just a profitable fluke–it was the beginning of a new trend. These two films *do* represent the range that sf can achieve on the screen in the field of special effects spectacle. That neither concerned itself predominantly with sincere or serious extrapolation about people confronting themselves and their future is of little consequence at the moment. What happens from now on, however, will tell us whether science fiction has an important place in the future of films.

It's a bit soon to predict how Hollywood will decide to handle this success. At the moment the horror-film cycle is still playing out, with *The Manitou* (from Graham Masterson's bestselling paperback novel), *Damien –The Omen II* (sequel to the smash hit of two years ago), and Brian DePalma's greatly anticipated *The Fury* (from John Farris' novel) due to open during the next couple of months. But science fiction is obviously going to be part of the upcoming repertoire, which includes a screen version of Isaac Asimov's **I, Robot**, scripted by Harlan Ellison for Warner Bros. and Edward Lewis Pro-

ductions, Sandy Howard's multi-million dollar production of *Meteor*, several Walt Disney sf/fantasy films (including *The Hero from Otherwhere* and *The Cat from Outer Space*), Brian DePalma's much delayed film of Alfred Bester's **The Demolished Man**, and the expected plethora of low-budget quickies.

And speaking of low-budgeters, we've already got two on the market that are sure to nauseate sf fans who might accidentally stumble onto them without realizing they are the lowest of grade-Z abominations. Beware of American International's *The Incredible Melting Man*. The company felt that the film's strongest selling point was the make-up created by Rick Baker, but Baker's work here is not admirable. Word has it that Baker's original make-up was abandoned because leading man Alex Rebar was too claustrophobic to wear it, so what we end up seeing is a rubber mask with what looks like Karo syrup poured over it. Rebar's performance is so awful (in those scenes where he is required to act and not merely shuffle around dripping syrup) that is a discredit to producer Samuel W. Gelfman that he kept Rebar and discarded Baker's original make-up. The film has an incompetent, dramatically absurd and totally non-science script and is technically inept in *every* department.

Equally as stupid is Irwin Yablans' *Laserblast*, plagued with many of the same problems that killed the *Melting Man*. This one features a young man who stumbles across an alien laser gun and uses it for revenge against all those people who have given him a hard time. The script (if there was one, which I seriously doubt, despite the line that credits Franne Schact and Frank Ray Perilli) scatters random dialogue between protracted scenes of destruction —including blowing up several cars several times. The film is further weakened with trite humorous episodes. The special effects are laughable—the aliens' spaceship moves jerkily across the sky in defiance of all laws of motion—but Dave Allen's stop-motion animated aliens are fairly well done, despite being placed against grainy photo-blowup backdrops.

There's no doubt we'll be seeing a lot more of this trash in the months to come, and one hopes that audiences will be able to sniff them out and not confuse them with quality films.

The big news of the moment is that both *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* are in the Academy Award competition for many of the top honors. *Star Wars* nominations include those for Best Picture, Best Director, Best Supporting Actor (Alec Guinness), Best Original Screenplay, Best Art Direction, Best Costume Design, Best Film Editing, Best Original Music Score, Best Achievement in Visual Effects, and Best Sound. *Close Encounters* missed out on Best Picture and Best Original Screenplay nominations but garnered credit for Best Director, Best Supporting Actress (Melinda Dillon), Best Cinematography, Best Film Editing, Best Original Music Score (putting John Williams in competition with himself for *Star Wars*), Best Art Direction, Best Achievement in Visual Effects, and Best Sound. Larry Gelbart received a nomination for Best Screenplay Adaptation for *Oh, God!*, a fantasy based on Avery Corman's novel, and Luis Bunuel's delightful *That Obscure Object of Desire*, a quasi-fantasy version of Pierre Louys' classic *La Femme et le Pantin (The Woman and the Puppet)*, received nominations for Best Foreign Film and Best Screenplay Adaptation.

Donald Reed's Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror presented its awards on January 14th in Los Angeles. For the first time the awards ceremony was televised (available to other areas of the country in syndication), with the presentation presided over by hosts William Shatner and Karen Black. The show was often corny and most of the "entertainment" portions were ghastly, but it was fast-paced and seldom lingered long enough on any one thing to become really boring. Awards were presented to the following: Best SF Film, *Star Wars*; Best Fantasy Film, *Oh, God!*: Best Horror Film, *The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane*; Best Actor, George Burns, *Oh, God!*; Best Actress, Jodie Foster, *The Little Girl Who Lives Down the Lane*; Best Supporting Actor, Alec Guinness, *Star Wars*; Best Supporting Actress, Susan Tyrell, *Bad*; Best Director, George Lucas, *Star Wars*, tied with Steven Spielberg, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Star Wars* also captured awards for Best Writing, Best Costumes, Best Special Effects, and Best Make-Up.

You may notice that this issue has nothing on television sf. A couple of essays were planned but did not arrive in time, so we'll try to work them into forthcoming issues, along with a number of reviews of movie books (which seem to be coming out by the dozens of late), records, and other media arts materials that simply would not fit into a single issue.

As we are not primarily a film/tv/media arts magazine, we can't begin to offer complete coverage. If you're seeking more along this line may I recommend that you check out Frederick S. Clarke's quarterly magazine, *Cinefantastique* (available from: P.O. Box 270, Oak Park IL 60303; single issues, $4; four issues, $10). It is certainly the best magazine of its kind in this country and very much worth the attention of any sf/fantasy film fan worth his/her salt. The current issue has a brilliant feature on *The Wicker Man*, the film that the magazine terms "the *Citizen Kane* of horror films." Having seen the film a year ago at a private screening, I will testify to the fact that Anthony Shaffer's screenplay is one of the most intelligent and yet blood-curdling stories I've ever seen. I hope the film finds eventual success in this country, although its chances look mighty slim at this point, and I commend to you this issue of *Cinefantastique* that pays it tribute. What you'll find here is a magazine filled with well-researched articles and thoughtful film reviews, and I advise those of you who want more film material than we can offer to subscribe to it without hesitation.

A last minute flash as we go to press: Leigh Brackett, who was working on the screenplay to *Star Wars II*, has died. Ms. Brackett, who was married to the late Edmond Hamilton, was one of sf's most respected and best-loved writers, as well as being one of the first women in the field of modern sf to gain a large following of readers before women were "in" in the genre. Ms. Brackett had departed from sf for a time to work as a Hollywood screenwriter, a medium in which she had great success, and she had only recently returned to the field to find that she was more popular with sf fans than ever. Judy-Lynn del Rey had brought her to Ballantine for a series of new and very popular Eric John Stark novels, and a retrospective Ballantine volume of her early work, **The Best of Leigh Brackett** met with great success last year.

With Brackett's death, the question arises as to how much work she had completed and how much delay this will cause for the new *Star Wars* film. It is reported that she had completed a first draft, but no further information is available at this time.

—Richard Delap

PAPERBACKS

OR ALL THE SEAS WITH OYSTERS
by Avram Davidson
New York: Pocket Books. 1976, $1.25, 191 pp.
ISBN: 0-671-80806-0

Avram Davidson's **Or All the Seas with Oysters** is available again from Pocket Books*, and I recommend this collection of eighteen stories most highly. I recommend them for their strangeness, their intelligence, their wit, their concision, and the aura of unpedantic erudition they exude.

Not too long ago I protested that a recent short-story collection by one of our field's best-known writers contained many exotic tastes but not a single bracing drink of cold water. I don't mean to praise Davidson by disparaging another, but his stories, by contrast, are almost all cold drinks of water with an unplaceable flavor all their own. One can read them without cursing the author for his silliness or feeling that one's time is being vilely squandered. That, all things considered, indicates something of Davidson's high accomplishment. My principal regret about seeing this book back in print is that it reminds me again of how little we have honored this man.

The title story, of course, did win a Hugo award. I wonder why Pocket Books in no way exploits this fact on this edition's front or back covers. At any rate, "Or All the Seas with Oysters" deserved its award. The characterization of Ferd and Oscar, the owners of the F & O Bicycle Shop, is carefully, amusingly handled; and Davidson, in this wry masterpiece, answers almost all our questions about the deadly proliferation of coat hangers in shut closets and the disappearance of safety pins from desk drawers. He also points out that bicycles, like people, come in two sexes–an observation more important and less well evident than you might think.

"Up the Close and Doun the Stair" is about the implications of institutionalized body-snatching and the agony of one Theodore Treyer, who is broken by his own pride. Davidson walks a tightrope between two political/scientific poles in telling this one, but makes his own position poignantly clear at story's end. By which I don't in the least mean to imply that "Up the Close . . ." is a didactic fiction. It isn't. It's an oddly moving one.

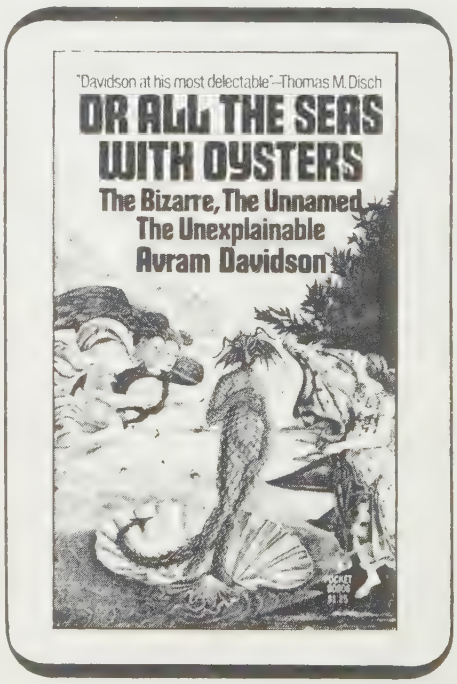
In "Now Let Us Sleep" Davidson uses science fiction to say something disheartening about the bureaucratic and exploitive instincts of our species, once again, in the process, leaving the sensitive reader moved, shaken into awareness. "Help! I Am Dr. Morris Goldpepper," on the other hand, employs the absurd premise–or is it absurd?–that dentistry may be the ultimate salvation of the race; Davidson's deadpan extrapolation of this idea is genuinely funny.

"The Sixth Season," a more or less straight science fiction piece about a group of scientists' efforts to comprehend the natives of another planet, is, for me, the collection's only real disappointment. The ending is far too predictable and therefore not as devastatingly shocking (or as ironic) as its author hopes it to be. But Davidson spices up "The Sixth Season" with some interesting linguistic speculation and a couple of rare coinages ("etceteralogical," for one) that go a little way toward mitigating my disappointment in the story as story. Bringing the conflict between interlopers and natives much closer to home, "Or the Grasses Grow" succeeds much better than "The Sixth Season" in its ending and provides a crisp antidote to the earlier story's superficiality. The revenge of the Tickisall Indians on those who would avariciously usurp their land is an altogether fitting one.

Three of my favorite stories are "The Grantha Sighting," "Negra Sum," and "The Golem," primarily because each one shows the accommodation of quite ordinary people to phenomena that ought by rights to awe them. In "The Grantha Sighting," for instance, a woman suppresses one of the ridiculously mundane aspects of her contact with aliens in order to meet others' preconceptions of the event and thereby to allay her loneliness. Similarly, "The Golem," a small classic, reveals the secret behind the Gumbeiners' pacification of an inhuman destroyer; they also get their lawn mowed. "Negra Sum" is a little different from the other two in that the residents of a ramshackle boarding house *necessarily* accommodate themselves to the strangeness that enters their lives, in this case a locket that grants a sterling attractiveness to whoever has it in his possession. Davidson uses this device to manifest these people to us in all their petty but in some instances quirkily admirable humanity. A bright little flame of a story.

Davidson skirts the borders of stream-of-consciousness in "My Boy Friend's Name Is Jello," a kind of fever vision in which a man laid up with a virus comes to believe that the little girls outside his window are sorceresses. In "Summerland" we get a seance that confirms the existence not of the painless nirvana following death predicted by spiritualists but instead of the fiery, retributive Hell of New England Puritanism. "The Woman Who Thought She Could Read" recapitulates from an adult point of view the experiences of a small boy with another sort of medium, a Slavic woman named Anastasia Grummick who divines the future from beans–but in such a tragically Delphic fashion that she incurs the wrath of those who have sought her help.

Perhaps the cleverest stories in **Or All the Seas with Oysters** are "King's Evil," which accounts for a few missing hours in the life of George III, and "The Montevarde Camera," which tells us quite a lot about photography and the heirs of Daguerre. The former is expertly handled period fiction, a brilliant evocation of eighteenth-century London; the latter, an understated and


"Davidson at his most delectable"–Thomas M. Disch
OR ALL THE SEAS WITH OYSTERS
The Bizarre, The Unnamed, The Unexplainable
Avram Davidson

Cover art by Ed Soyka

It was an original Berkley paperback in 1962.–Ed.

even comic horror story set in a more modern era of that city's history. Davidson, as these stories reveal, exercises his imagination not simply on opinions but also on facts, from which his judgments derive. As well as finding himself entertained, then, the reader almost invariably *learns* something from Davidson—not as a first priority of business certainly, but as a natural adjunct to his crafting of his material. Davidson always gives the appearance of respecting his readers' intelligence, and that's a fine thing.

"Great Is Diana," to buttress my argument, is embued with Davidson's peculiar appreciation of animal husbandry and his fascination with the attitude of the Ephesians toward the curious phenomenon of "polymastia." "I Do Not Hear You, Sir" puts us in touch, long-distance and teletemporally, with Benedict Arnold, among others; and "Author, Author" has a great deal to say, in a satiric fashion, about twentieth-century mystery fiction and the intransigence of both butlers and publishers.

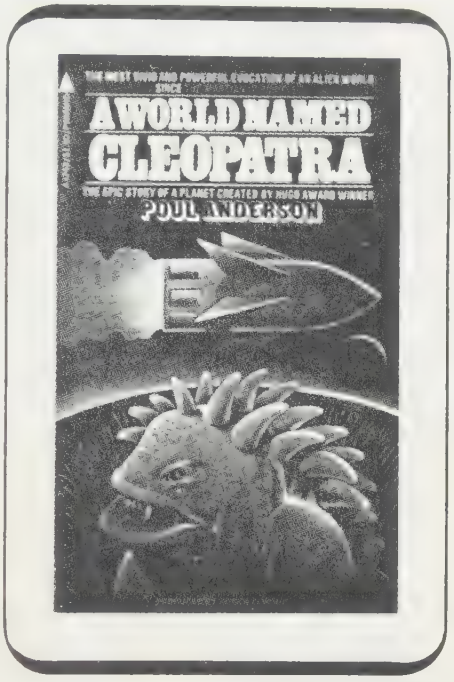
Finally, I would like to mention "Dagon," one of the most haunting visions in this book. "Dagon" takes us to China in October, 1945, in the company of a wholly despicable narrator, whose transfiguration, at story's end, is a fierce and powerful metaphor for his moral degeneration. I've said almost nothing about Davidson's style in this review, although I hope I have implied a good deal. Here, however, is a paragraph from "Dagon," excerpted because it typifies the sensuousness and adaptability of Davidson's prose as well as providing a key to the story's interpretation:

> I mused upon the mystery of fish, their strange and mindless beauty, how—innocently evil—they prey upon each other, devouring the weaker and smaller without rage or shout or change of countenance. There, in the realm of water, which is also earth and air to them, the great fish passed up and down, growing old without aging and attaining eternal growth without the softness of obesity. It was a world without morality, a world without choices, of eating and spawning and growing great. I envied the great fish and (in other, smaller ponds) the lesser fish, darting and flashing and sparkling gold.

Of course, ours is a world *with* choices, and Davidson here indicts his point-of-view character with the same words that the narrator attempts to use as a kind of self-justification. On any level of explication, then, "Dagon" is a fine, fine story. I have read many less successful ones in courses expressly devoted to the art of short fiction.

Or All the Seas with Oysters, if you still haven't caught my drift, deserves a large audience. Give yourself and its author a break and buy a copy or two of this modest-seeming but insidiously dangerous book.

—Michael Bishop



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A WORLD NAMED CLEOPATRA *by Poul Anderson, Jack Dann, Michael Orgill, and George Zebrowski; produced by Roger Elwood*
New York: Pyramid. 1977, $1.50, 192 pp.
ISBN: 0-515-03743-5 LC: 77-72022

It is not clear *why* this book is, but one can at least describe *what* it is. It is composed of two pieces by Poul Anderson, one an essay describing the planet that is the setting of the following 28-page story, and three more short stories and novelettes by other writers, all stitched together with extracts from a psycho-sociological survey of 3300 A.D. All the stories are set on Anderson's world of Cleopatra.

It might help to explain why if Elwood had written an introduction explaining ideas and methods. Without one, I am left making guesses at how the book was produced, using copyright dates. From the fact that Anderson's essay and short story first appeared in 1973 and 1974, in different Elwood-edited productions, while the other three stories are each copyrighted 1977, I assume that Anderson had very little to do with the project beyond giving Elwood permission to use his setting. This is a shame, because Anderson is the most experienced of the writers here at creating future histories. Without his overall control, we get the pessimistic assumption that a space colony will end in atomic and biological war.

To deal with the works individually: in "A World Named Cleopatra" Poul Anderson demonstrates his usual skill, keeping the reader interested in a listing of hypothetical facts of astronomy, geology, and biology/zoology that tell no story and move to no resolution. The essay is an object lesson in the creation of *real* imagined worlds.

Anderson's "The Serpent in Eden" tells of the crash of a survey team from the first party of colonists to land on Cleopatra. They survive without much difficulty, and discover tool-using reptilians that they assume are intelligent. This creates an ethical problem about taking over the world. The humans then decide that the creatures are tool-users by instinct only, which solves the problem. They name the creatures "fabers." This is not Anderson's best story, nor very close to it.

"Faber-Master" by Michael Orgill tells of Marcus Binh, who uses fabers with surgically implanted controls for ballet. Binh has a great deal of trouble with his radical son and with politically-motivated opponents, who want to use the surgical techniques developed for fabers on people, as well as wishing to replace the dancing fabers with dancing humans. His ballet is sabotaged, his trained fabers are killed, and he ends up sent to Camp Isolation, a place where fabers are being altered for use as soldiers. There are several things wrong with the story: Orgill assumes that colonists will divide up by ethnic groups and settle on continents that geographically approximate their ancestral homes (p. 63), and he also assumes that people (other than a radical minority) will prefer to watch reptiles dance than to watch people dance. I find neither of these assumptions very convincing. Other than that, the story is fairly well told and progresses smoothly.

Jack Dann's "Among the Mountains" leans heavily on Oriental mysticism and might as well be set in Vietnam as on

Cleopatra, except for a nice bit of folklore involving some of the astronomical features Anderson invented for the planet. It isn't a very involving story, even though the pain and death are clearly supposed to impress.

"Wayside World" by George Zebrowski is set centuries after the war in "Among the Mountains" which apparently wiped out civilization. People live off the land. Ishbok, the hero, is a physical weakling tolerated only for his blademaking ability (gained through study of library books). He lives a thoroughly unpleasant life among people who hate him until, in classic wish-fulfillment fashion, a spaceship from a confederation of Earth colonies swoops down and puts him in charge of the planet, which is suddenly well on its way to rebirth. The story is decent, but nothing really special.

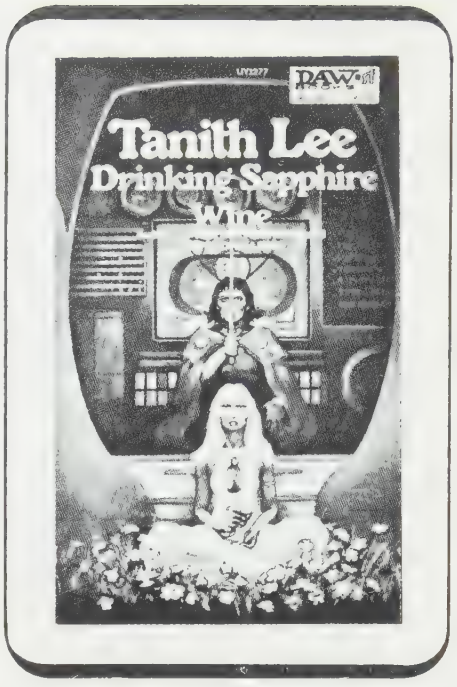
Aside from the general weaknesses of the stories, the "anthological novel" has other strikes against it. The style of the "Colonial Survey" fragments quoted to introduce each story is less than convincing: "The flowing characters of history turn blood red." (p. 150) It also shows an alarming tendency to shift tense in the middle of an excerpt. As mentioned above, the book suffers from the lack of an introduction. In fact the cover is quite misleading, giving the impression that the book is a novel by Anderson. The art is in my uninformed opinion rather poor, and the spaceship has nothing to do with the plot. (A rocketship? Why?)

All in all, **A World Named Cleopatra** is really worth buying only as a curiosity, being probably one of very few books of its type, whatever that type is.

–Alan Winston

DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE *by Tanith Lee. Front. by Don Maitz.*
New York: DAW. 1977, $1.25, 175 pp.
ISBN: 0-87997-227-7

As awful as it is to be a teenager now, it's worse for the sensitive Jang of the Four BEE (or BAA or BOO), young people condemned to a half century of fun, games, and expected delinquency. Well, what do you expect in a utopia where machines do everything and maintain perfection? The biggest joy a Jang type can have is



Cover art by Don Maitz

trying to sabotage the domed city so bad weather or a strange desert animal can bounce in with a breath of unsystematic air. Most people adapt, but some perceptive souls smoulder quietly. What happens when our heroine-turned-hero (see the cover for her group portrait) of **Don't Bite The Sun** bursts into unrestrained genuine emotion and kills an enemy in a duel is the subject of **Drinking Sapphire Wine**.

Sapphire wine, by the way, is the symbol of being able to forget and start anew. In the old Four BEE, it was a way to escape the feeling of uselessness; uselessness; in the heroine's new life, sapphire wine represents all the excuses not to go out to take some good bites of the sun. It is because of her desire to face life that our heroine has, after committing a murder, decided to live in exile rather than be sent to Limbo for Personality Dissolution and start over with a new ego. She chooses to keep that interesting, discontented, searching personality that is so different that it disturbs everyone around her. She dislikes losing forever, by official decree, the real friends she's had: Hatta, who defends himself from the hurt of her rejection by taking monstrous shapes after suiciding; Hergal, her favorite partner for having love; and Danor, who is her lover and her friend, with both in revolt against customs (the man she really loves is an off-limits Older Person).

Before this, however, she has lost her truest companion, the Pet. Visiting in a dream, it reminds her how happy she had been in the desert and declares that the rest of the people in the city are "only a bunch of dopey quasi-robots trying to work out all the answers, and getting tied up in their rewire circuits." And it makes her look at the desert, which throws her the challenge:

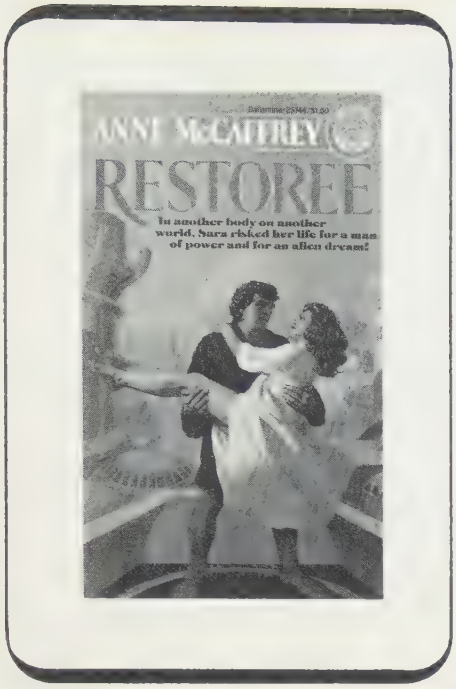
> Now's your chance to prove that you can do more than sit on your tail complaining and drinking sapphire wine with your tears of self-pity. Come on, come and do battle with me, come and fight me. I'm more than a match for you. I'll devour you if I can, but I'll do it cleanly and openly, not with words and dark little tanks in Limbo . . . Look at me, how dead and old I seem, and, yet, watch me grow, watch me live. (p. 56)

She accepts the challenge. She has, knowingly, killed Zirk, aware that she was striking out at society, its mores and superficiality; and, with the help of Four BEE technology, she establishes a flowering oasis of counterculture, complete with Jang-variety beautiful people. So successful is she that the authorities send some deceptive and wily serpents to provide a great climax and force our heroine to acceptance of love at last.

Lee's sequel to **Don't Bite The Sun** is also a cleverly developed tale, with its sprightly and nonconventional heroine and Jang customs as vividly portrayed as before. By the time you've read both books, you're right at home with the Four BEE world–and that's a sign of a first-rate sf writer. This book seems more pat, more predictable, more superficial than the first, though it is still superior to most short sf. Lee writes gracefully and engages the reader in her creations, even the maladjusted pet android swan and especially Grey-Eyes, who wreaks outrageous havoc in a passage that is worth the price of the book.

Drinking Sapphire Wine is recommended. In fact, I hope the books in this series are printed with a more permanent binding and with more typographical accuracy in the near future ("rouge machine" instead of *rogue machine* on p. 139, "thorough concerntration" on p.55, and "falling down things" on p. 53, for obvious examples). Lee has a delightful, unpretentious way of telling her stories. I suspect she's addictive.

–Mary S. Weinkauf



Cover art by The Brothers Hildebrandt

RESTOREE *by Anne McCaffrey*
New York: Ballantine. A Del Rey Book. 1977, $1.50, 252 pp.
ISBN: 0-345-25744-8

I never thought I would be bored by an Anne McCaffrey book.

Somehow I missed this one when it came out in 1967, and was pleased to see a second printing after reading all of Anne's other books. The cover set me back a little—a standard-type Handsome Hero carrying a Beautiful Girl over the doorstep of what looks like a matter-transmitter, with a futuristic city in the background. I started reading, and found myself expected to sympathize with a woman who suddenly wakes up and discovers herself on an alien planet, being treated as a moron who is tending a mental patient in a sanitarium. Undaunted by this pure-Gothic opening, I struggled on and found the woman delighted but somehow a little scared because she now has a beautiful face and a sexy figure whereas she had previously been an ordinary ugly duckling. Now, for no good reason at all, the heroine decides it is up to her to restore her patient to sanity, since he is obviously being drugged in his food; so she goes hungry in order to feed him her own undrugged meals, and when he is restored to his old self—of course he is an Important Personage on this new planet—he takes Sara along on his escape, and of course she has by now fallen head-over-heels in love with him.

Now, I have read this kind of book in an ordinary rather than a science-fictional setting, hundreds of times before. In fact, this is one reason why I stopped reading "women's books" and started reading, then writing, science fiction; because the fiction supposedly proper to my sex bored me virtually to tears. I have heard the same thing from Leigh Brackett, and from other science fiction writers. If the incursion of women into science fiction means that we are to be deluged with sentimental love stories taking place in alien worlds and alien settings, many of the women who came to science fiction as a refuge from this kind of thing are going to be driven right *out* of it again!

Back to **Restoree**, this time from a sense of duty rather than from pleasure. Sara and Lord Harlan manage to get back to where he is the Regent for a sickly underage youngster. I found myself completely unable to follow the political ins and outs which meant that Sara must pretend for a time to be young Maxil's mistress, the troubles she went through in losing her virginity, and Harlan's final triumph as the high lord muckety-muck of someplace or other, and of course their marriage and living happily ever after.

This *might* be a good book to give to your teenage daughter if there is no other way you can get her to put down her nurse novels and Nancy Drews and try reading some science fiction. I have the highest respect for Anne McCaffrey as a writer and as a woman, but this book makes me very glad I did not read it *before*, say, **Dragonflight**. I doubt if I would ever have picked up a McCaffrey novel again. Strictly for the unliberated girl's first romantic essay into science fiction; Sara is a "strong and powerful female protagonist," but the situations and emotions of the main character are strictly from the rack of Gothics, and not the best Gothics, either . . . say Lyda Belknap Long and the woman who presumptuously signs herself Louisa Brontë, rather than the Du Mauriers and Mary Stewarts.

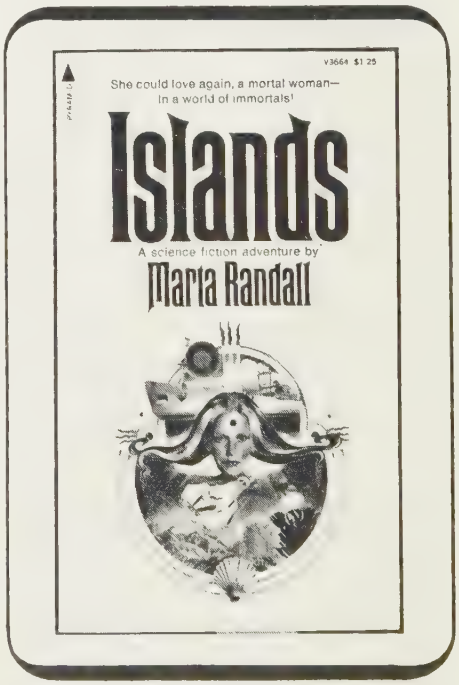
Shame on you, Ms. McCaffrey! Or should I say, writers have to do the damnedest things to make a living, and leave it at that?

–Marion Zimmer Bradley

ISLANDS *by Marta Randall*
New York: Pyramid. 1976, $1.25, 191 pp.
ISBN: 0-515-03664-1 LC: 76–20300

I requested Marta Randall's **Islands** from the editor of this journal under the assumption that I would like the book. I don't. So little do I care for it that I've already delayed writing this review almost long enough to insure my comments all the topicality of an eyewitness account of the disintegration of the *Hindenburg*. Chief among the reasons for the novel's failure are a disastrously unappealing protagonist/narrator and a literary style careening bewilderingly between the pylons of near-miss eloquence and out-and-out technical ineptitude. And I don't like having to say these things.

Islands is told by Tia Hamley, a 74-year-old mortal in a world of ever-youthful "Immortals." Although the anti-aging treatments that preserve her contemporaries have inexplicably failed to take full effect in Tia, she nevertheless resembles a woman only a little past middle-age; further, her own life expectancy is almost two hundred years. The novel, then, chronicles both Tia Hamley's alienation from the Immortals among whom she must live and her search for the fulfillment of her compensating psychic gifts. Randall's fine title—nicely evocative of the John Donne sermon containing the phrase "No Man is an *Iland*"—takes its immediate derivation from the fact that this search culminates among the sunken



Cover art by Vincent DiFate

Hawaiian Islands—which were inundated, Randall tells us, during a catastrophe known as the Great Shaping. Ultimately triumphant, Tia concludes her story with the affirmative pronouncement, "I have work to do."

Summarized in an upbeat fashion, Randall's novel promises a great deal. This promise pretty much dies aborning. Things go wrong in the first paragraph as a pack of purple prepositional phrases ominously perpetuates itself and the narrator succumbs to an impulse to "[howl] silently at the moon." With these immediate clues to the novel's style and its narrator's character I felt myself in for a long trip, and I was right. Like Percy Shelley ("I die, I faint, I fail"), Randall's protagonist insists not only on displaying her wounds but also on romanticizing them through a rhetoric often more decorative than functional. To her credit, Randall occasionally tries to undercut the resultant oiliness of tone by showing us how competent a person Tia Hamley can sometimes be and by putting rough words in her mouth—but neither approach works quite as well as the author would like. It's hard, I'm afraid, for twentieth-century human beings to identify wholeheartedly with a woman who, although blessed with a life expectancy of two centuries, ceaselessly bewails the fact that she must die at all.

Instead of sophistication and vulnerability, the reader sees in Tia a spoiled little girl whose isolation stems not so much from her special mortality as from her grown-up brattiness. Part of the problem is that Randall has opted to tell Tia's story from a first- rather than a third-person point of view. The result is that **Islands** comes across as the diary of a hypochondriac rather than as the record of Tia Hamley's heroic struggle to find her place in an indifferent world. This flaw, by itself, sabotages almost every single one of Randall's purposes.

There's more. One minor but significant shortcoming is the absence of a reasonable justification for the protagonist's specialness. Randall intimates dimly that the anti-aging treatments don't work for Tia because of her latent psychic capabilities—but this intriguing notion is never developed, if indeed it's even intended. Randall's dismissive explanation—"the answer is that there is no answer, the reason is that there is no reason" (p. 41)—says more about her lack of commitment to her topic than about the abtruseness or inaccessibility of the on-going quest to prolong human life. The sad part here is that with only a little probing into contemporary work on gerontology and aging theory Randall might have easily come up with credible explanations of her needlessly mysterious "Treatments" and of Tia's convenient insusceptibility to them. Real scientific breakthroughs are around the corner in these fields, but Randall hasn't done her homework.

Finally, **Islands** suffers a multitude of stylistic lapses—from the grammatical and syntactical to sheer, stultifying wordiness. Many of Randall's sentences grow by accretion, and she often seems to lose track of the basic grammatical core to which her modifiers willy-nilly attach themselves.

Other stylistic abuses? Randall writes "epicanthic eyes" when she means that her character has eyes with "epicanthic folds." She seems to believe that "I entered the rusticized antisepsis of the waiting room" is a meaningful construction. She compares and contrasts the sea and outer space in a little essay depressingly reminiscent of an English 102 theme but altogether irrelevant to her narrative. She doesn't seem to know the difference between "lie" and "lay"; and in a flashback she has Tia Hamley describe her own liftpack-assisted ballet over one of the fountains of a "carefully restored" Seville:

> My heart filled my throat and my arms ached to clasp the entire world, to share the ecstasy of my personal truth and, unable to contain myself, I ululated over the crowd.

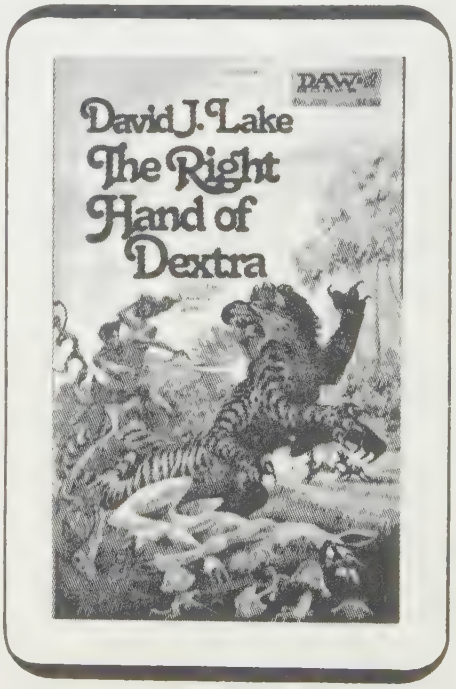
Just hold that sentence in your mind for a moment.

In a recent issue of *Esquire* critic John Simon explains that Jacques Barzun once suggested that Simon refrain from using "regiment" and "calvary" in the same passage "because, in that context, readers were sure to misread the latter as 'cavalry.'" Simon admits that at first this struck him as unlikely, but adds that he complied with Barzun's advice by changing "calvary" to "golgotha." . . . Well, for similar reasons I have to contend that without being incorrect "ululated"—given the comic possibilities of its context—is far from a felicitous word choice. Moreover, it seems to me indicative of Randall's stylistic carelessness throughout the entire novel. Let me add that if this example were the only one I had at hand, I'd be open to a charge of malicious nitpicking—but, taken with everything else I've enumerated, it's a saddening indictment of the author's lack of respect for her own talent.

For Randall does have talent, in spite of everything I've said, and here's a description of a submerged building that demonstrates her scene-painting ability to good effect:

> Seaplants amid the detritus on the floors and chairs bent and swayed in the wake of my passing, and small creatures scuttled about the legs of the furniture as I moved through the rooms surrounding the main waiting area. Each door had a number engraved upon it, some illegible and none completely intact; it took me a moment to realize that none of the numbers were in sequence, and I could not find a pattern governing their arrangement. The doors quaked and fell as I touched them, raising clouds of silt that billowed through the water and sank slowly again, reflecting the brilliance of my lights in pointillist shimmers against the darker waters . . . .

This passage, maybe because Tia Hamley is avoiding the subject of her alienated self, manages to be both vivid and dreamlike at the same time. It also indicates that Marta Randall has the ability to be as good a writer as she would obviously like to be.



Cover art by George Barr

In the meantime, however, I can't recommend **Islands** to anyone—except maybe as an early copy-book exercise in the career of a promising writer. But, of course, only time and Marta Randall herself can give this tentative recommendation any legitimacy. As for me, I've got my fingers crossed for her and for all of us.*

–Michael Bishop

*I ought to add that although it didn't win, **Islands** was one of the six finalists in the novel category on last year's Nebula ballot.

THE RIGHT HAND OF DEXTRA *by David J. Lake. Front. by George Barr.*
New York: DAW, 1977, $1.50, 176 pp.
ISBN: 0-87997-290-4

DAW Books—by now this has become a *cliché* among reviewers—range from the very good to the unspeakably bad. This is one of the best, with an idea more original than most. Take a world just like Earth, with the right gravity, oxygen, and even plant and animal life to match—and then give the DNA of this world a twist to the right, instead of the left, so that the new fruits, new fishes, new meats, are forever isolated and inedible.

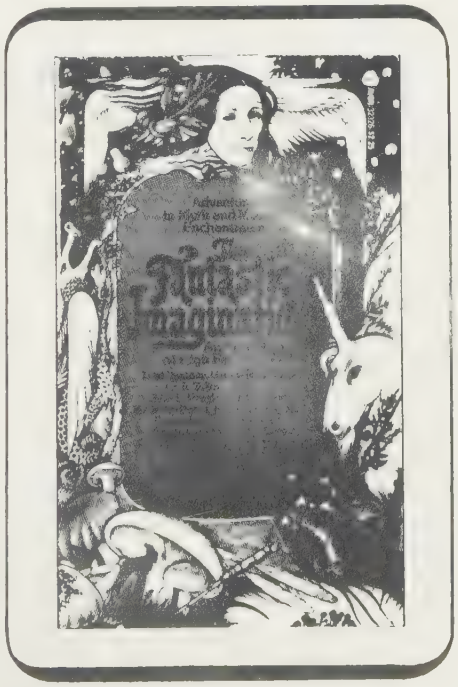
Now colonize this world by religious fanatics—well, not precisely fanatics, but victims of the "New Scriptures," designed by ethnologists and psychologists to make the most favorable religion for such an alien world. The world is being partially terraformed, new organisms of Earth-type replacing the old. Earth-type chlorophyll is greening the right-hand organisms powered by purple "cyanophyll." (This is the only place where disbelief must be willingly suspended. It seems to me, as an admittedly elementary biologist, that the microorganisms in the soil of Dextra would have been too hostile to allow Earth-type plants to thrive or to grow at all. But the point is made that the right-hand organisms are not hostile but indifferent, so perhaps . . .)

If only the writer had been able to create characters equal to his basic "idea." Every science fiction writer becomes accustomed to being asked *ad nauseam*, "Where do you get your ideas?" My answer is that the problem is not to *get* ideas—every writer has thousands of them daily—but to bring the ideas to life with fascinating characters and plot. If only David Lake had been able to do this! Instead we have an engaged couple of young anthropologists from New Jerusalem, Mark and Meriam, bonded by sociological and sexual restrictions which seem somewhat old-fashioned for 1977 (but of course we *might* someday have a backswing to Puritanism). Their relationship is repeatedly endangered by Mark's attentions to an uninhibited young girl of Dextra, said girl having experimented, against all social mores, with sexuality relating to the native, aboriginal Dextran life.

Now we discover that one humanoid form of Dextran life is evolving much faster than evolution could account for—three successive generations of humanoids coming nearer and nearer to Earth-type norms. Mark and Meriam go out to explore, have an encounter with a race of delightfully, though incredibly, philosophical Centaurs, and finally undergo Transformation by a native plant-Goddess.

Only after finishing the last page (for I found myself unable to put it down until I found out how the delightfully ingenious plot came out) did I begin to wrinkle up my forehead and wonder how well, after all, this kind of alien biology/sociology would work. But the book is excellently written, in spite of the reader's continual irritation (and that may, after all, be peculiar to *me*) at Mark and Meriam's continual struggles to arrive at the sexual freedom of, let's say, the early 1960s. The book is a "good read." There is a map of Dextra for those who like that sort of thing. And it's possible that all this difficulty is a result of first- (or second-) novel problems. If so, then David Lake is about the most promising newcomer in DAW's slush pile this year. Once he gets the knack of creating slightly more likeable human characters (his aliens are delightful) he should do fabulously in the field of writing entertaining and thought-provoking science fiction. It's nice to see biology, rather than engineering, as the "science" in science fiction.

–Marion Zimmer Bradley



THE FANTASTIC IMAGINATION: AN ANTHOLOGY OF HIGH FANTASY *ed. by Robert H. Boyer & Kenneth J. Zahorski*
New York: Avon, 1977, $2.25, 325 + ix pp.
ISBN: 0-380-00956-0 SBN: 380-32326

One might expect a fantasy anthology edited by two professors to be a stuffy, ponderous tome. The general introduction to this book is, to an extent, but the stories are more than good enough to carry the day. According to the editors, high fantasy consists of:

> . . . fairy tales, those ancient and new stories which take place in the mysterious other world of faerie [. . .] myth tales, stories whose setting is the realm in which gods and men have commerce . . .

To a large extent, the sixteen selections fulfill those requirements. Each is completed by a brief biographical sketch of the author.

"The Elves," by Johann Ludwig Tieck in the 1827 English translation by Thomas Carlyle, is the earliest story included. A young girl ventures in the land of the elves for a night, and returns to her family to discover that seven years have passed. From then on, her life is colored by the wonder of the world of faerie, and world which brightens the mundane land around it by the magnificence of its magic. Although the story is a little overlong, it is an interesting treatment of the loss of magic from the world, a theme handled in a much different fashion in John

Buchan's "The Grove of Ashtaroth." The latter story also concerns the clash of modern Christianity with the ancient pagan gods.

Lord Dunsany's "The Sword of Welleran" was written during the master's prime, and displays the primary characteristic of this germinal fantasist: his fabulous imagery. Dunsany projects the reader into a world clearly removed from ordinary reality, with the dream-world's fantastic cities and glorious heroes. Through his imagery, he creates a mood of marvels:

> Then the sun set, and it was the hour when the bats and the dark creatures are abroad and the lions come down from their lairs, and the desert robbers go into the plains again, and fevers rise up winged and hot out of chill marshes, and it was the hour when safety leaves the thrones of Kings, the hour when dynasties change. But in the desert the purple guard came swinging out of Merimna with their lights to sing of Welleran, and the sentinels lay down to sleep.

The story is filled with the quiet beauty of language, and serves as a good introduction to Dunsany's writing.

Of equal charm, but drastically different, is "The Light Princess" by George MacDonald. It is a joy to read for those of us who delight in playing with words. The title, and indeed the entire story, turns on this game. The princess' wicked aunt, a witch, is not invited to the christening, and lays a curse on the child. The result is that the baby loses her "gravity," both physical and emotional; not only does she float about like a balloon, but she laughs constantly and has no emotional depth. The king and queen are humiliated, and at one point, get into a long argument on the possible merits and failings of the princess' condition. The discussion concludes with the following exchange:

> "And it's a bad thing to be light-haired," screamed she, determined to have more last words, now that her spirit was roused.
>
> The queen's hair was black as night; and the king's had been, and his daughter's was, golden as morning. But it was not the reflection on his hair that arrested him; it was the double use of the word *light*. For the king hated all witticisms, and punning especially. And besides, he could not tell whether the queen meant light-*haired* or light-*heired*; for why might she not aspirate her vowels when she was ex-asperated herself?
>
> He turned upon his other heel, and rejoined her. She looked angry still, because she knew that she was guilty, or, what was much the same, knew that he thought so.
>
> "My dear queen," said he, "duplicity of any sort is exceedingly objectionable between married people of any rank, not to say kings and queens; and the most objectionable form duplicity can assume is that of punning."

The story is told in the form of the classic fairy tale, though MacDonald persists in making light (sorry) of that genre throughout.

It is difficult to understand why the pieces by J. R. R. Tolkien and C. S. Lewis were included in this anthology. The stories are excerpts from **The Hobbit**, and **The Voyage of the Dawn-Treader** (part of the Narnia cycle), respectively, two books which would seem to be already familiar to anyone with even a casual interest in high fantasy. The Lewis selection does not fare well outside of the novel's context; the chapter from **The Hobbit**, in which Bilbo plays a dangerous riddle-game with Gollum and wins the Ring of Power, does stand alone as a story, and is a magnificent example of high fantasy.

James Branch Cabell was, until recently, the only great American fantasist. "The Music from Behind the Moon" demonstrates his delightful cynicism and quiet eroticism, and serves as a good introduction to his work. He is always subtle, even when, as here, scoring lampoons against poets, censors, and the hopes and aspirations of humankind.

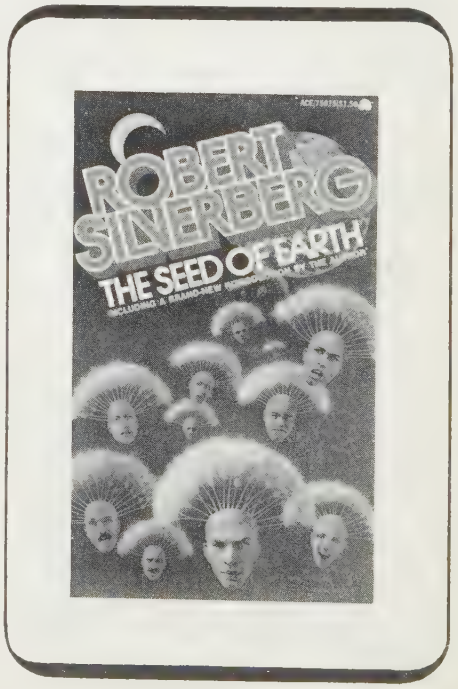
Mark Van Doren's "The Tall One" is an effective retelling of the story of Job, but with a deity vastly different from Jehovah. Another brief story is "The Foundling" by Lloyd Alexander, in which we again meet the Norns, or the Three Fates of Graeco-Roman myth. Like all good fantasy, it is a story about reality ". . . of greed, hatred, and war; of men striving against one another with fire and sword . . ." and ". . . of birth as well; how the earth turns in its own time and in its own way gives back what is given to it . . ."

If any story was to be singled out as the "best" in this anthology, it would have to be Peter Beagle's "Come Lady Death." It is a truly marvelous story, well crafted and highly polished. Lady Neville, the grand old dame of 18th Century London, invites Death to one of her fetes to relieve her own ennui. The appearance of Death and the results of the invitation are hardly predictable, but very right, and powerfully handled.

Ursula Le Guin is present with "The Rule of Names," one of her early tales of the world of Earthsea. The writing is not at the level of the later trilogy, but the story is still highly entertaining. A number of the elements of her imaginary world are presented here, including wizards, dragons, and the power of name magic.

Two of the stories, "The Peach-Tree" by H. E. Bates and Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Beliard," achieve their fantastic air from ambiguity, and neither is totally satisfying. The latter story is particularly confusing in its description of the nature of Faerie and the mythical world in which the story takes place.

Frank R. Stockton's "The Accommodating Circumstance" seems out of place in a collection of "high" fantasy, particularly one in which the editors have professed an emphasis on good literature. Alexander Grin's tale "The Loquacious Goblin" is only nominally fantasy. It is told from the viewpoint of a goblin, but the creature is only a stylistic device rather than an integral part of the story. It is also unfortunate that the translator of this Russian tale



Cover art by Punchatz

should choose names like Phil and Ralph for two of the characters; it has a severe effect on the tone.

Taken as a whole, though, the anthology is a good collection of fantasy. It surveys a broad range of styles, and a broad period of time. The selection, together with the biographical sketches, should make it an extremely good choice for any academic course dealing with the field.

–Jeff Frane

THE SEED OF EARTH *by Robert Silverberg*
New York: Ace. 1977, $1.50, 174 pp.
SBN: 441-75875

This is the second paperback edition of a 1962 novel which originally appeared as half of an Ace Double, bound with a collection of Silverberg's short stories. It is one of the better choices to illustrate the development Silverberg's writing has undergone in the past fifteen years. For many years a writer of well done but essentially routine potboilers, Silverberg eventually adopted an introspective, psychological approach to characterization. Although **The Seed of Earth** is a potboiler, it does display the beginnings of that concern.

In order to colonize the stars, Earth has adopted a mandatory draft. Persons chosen from a list of all healthy people between twenty and forty years old by a computer are assigned to weekly ships lifting off for far worlds. Once selected, there are only a few exemptions ever given.

The Seed of Earth follows several conscriptees as they recover from the initial shock and indignation, accept their fate, prepare for the trip, and eventually establish a colony of 100 individuals (50 men and 50 women) on a new world. Shortly after their arrival, two couples are kidnapped a race of unsuspected aliens and imprisoned in a cave. The confinement causes sexual and other conflicts among them, until they realize that the aliens feed on this kind of emotion. Once they have overcome their distrust of each other, they are able to escape and return to the colony.

The biggest fault with this novel is its basic premise. The Earth society described in the first half of the novel is totally implausible. Even if we assume that the masses have become enlightened enough to finance a colonization effort on such a colossal scale, the method of conscription would never work outside of an autocratic society. The reader might be willing to accept that individuals would agree to be subject to a draft of this sort for a few years, but the period of eligibility is twenty years. A thirty-nine year old man with a good job and family could be forced to abandon both forever, simply because his name came up on a computer printout.

Even accepting that improbable arrangement, the haphazard shotgun colonization system seems unworkable and ineffective. Colonies of only one hundred individuals seem to offer neither enough diversity in genotypes nor enough redundancy in personnel to allow for deaths among the virtually abandoned colonists. There is apparently no communication with the colonies once they are planted on their world. There is no resupply, no infusions of new colonists. Each colony is abandoned to meet its fate in its own way.

This is not, then, prime quality Silverberg. There is a new introduction which provides some interesting information about its inception and eventual publication. The novel itself is fairly entertaining, but the reader probably will be unable to recall details of the plot a week after finishing it. Silverberg did attempt more sophisticated writing techniques that he had in his earlier work, but with limited success. At this stage in his career, Silverberg's reach still exceeded his grasp. Fortunately, he eventually overcame this lag.

–Don D'Ammassa

A HOSTAGE FOR HINTERLAND
by Arsen Darnay
New York: Ballantine. 1976, $1.50, 248 pp.
ISBN: 0-345-25306-X LC: 76-13584

This is a novel of great complexity, but I think it is so in unnecessary ways. At its most simple, it is semi-allegorical and describes a society in an America of the future, when the cities–rich, bourgeois and semi-decadent, but not without their dissident elements–have become self-contained structures, almost completely dependent upon technology for their continued survival. Outside the structures a variety of Tribes–with names like Ecofreak, Maoling and Planetfriend–pursue a simpler, more idealistic existence. Each culture is dependent upon the other: the cities require helium, which the Tribes have access to, because it is with this element that their spindly buildings can be kept aloft; at the same time, the Tribes require certain products the cities can supply. If either culture is the stronger it is that of the cities, because they have missiles trained on the Tribal homelands in case of too many threats to the urban existence. But the Tribes have been developing their own defenses, and in any case the cities' constant need for helium is a negotiating weakness. Regular meetings therefore take place between the two cultures, where bargains are struck.

Cover art by Boris Vallejo

So far so good; one can see a clear allegorical strain. The city-states can be taken as metaphors for America today, and the Tribes as a sort of extrapolated Third World. Oil-embargoes, and all that goes with them, are clearly hitting the consciousness of writers in societies more economically sound than we impoverished British. The allegory is continued to the conclusion of the book: after the cities have fallen, and many have fled, the two most sympathetic characters (one from the Ecofreak Tribe, one from the structure of Ricardo) realize that they must continue bargaining for each other's survival.

Whether the author intended his book to have such a transparent allegorical content is something I cannot say for sure. Given that he intends his future to be taken seriously on its own terms–at least within the context of the

story—the author really should have taken a look outside the actual events to see what might have been going on in the rest of the world. There's a sort of American isolationism displayed here: there's barely a thought for what might be happening in Europe, Asia, or South America, or anywhere else for that matter, so that the author's fictional microcosm becomes a flawed one. His premise is that the problem in the book is an *American* problem; had the structures gone overseas to buy their helium, the plot would have collapsed quicker than the cities themselves do at the end.

I don't want to make too much of this, because it's the sort of criticism that can be levelled at a lot of science fiction novels. Where I started to lose sympathy with the book was in the complexity of its plot and characters.

Apparently not trusting the effectiveness of pure allegory, the author seems to have felt obliged to tell his story through the medium of a vast list of speaking roles, and a complicated assortment of standard plot-devices, such as conspiracies, political in-fighting, occult religious groups with *psi* powers, capture-and-escape, double-crossings, rampant sexuality, and much more besides. For me, too many of the characters thought, spoke and acted alike, and because I couldn't distinguish them I had to refer back to the beginning more times than I wanted to. All this, with the viewpoint of the narrative shifting around like someone trying to find a comfortable seat (the viewpoint shifts not only from chapter to chapter, but often from one paragraph to the next), and I found the book more than usually difficult to follow.

As for the description, here's a sample of prose from near the beginning of the book:

> The Bureau of Tribal Affairs occupied nearly one quarter of Lebel 125, or Old Top, as it was called. It had been the summit of Central Tower until the end of the seventh century, when helium-cooling had dramatically improved grav-drum performance and two hundred new levels, spacious in the extreme, each with several stories, had been added to the tower. Nevertheless, there clung to Old Top a certain hoary magnificence, a memory of wealth and of rooftop gardens open to the public, from where structure folk had gazed out over the Atlantic or Hinterland through pressure-sealed glass.

Leaving aside the syntax (which I have a few minor carps about), the trouble with this sort of writing, with physical description and background exposition jostling each other for the reader's attention, is that it has a counter-productive effect. (I also tripped over, so to speak, the two or three science fiction word-coinages in the same passage: "grav-drum," "structure folk" . . . and I assume that "Lebel 125" is a misprint.) Far from increasing the reader's ability to grasp what is going on, and to remember information which will be important later in the book, this kind of prose tends to make eyes and mind go fuzzy.

Perhaps it is the lack of an original descriptive presence that finally counts against the novel. There were very few scenes I could "see" as I read, and although the author keeps his many characters moving about the city-structure, it was difficult to get any idea of scale or place, except in the most rudimentary ways.

What is lacking here is something intangible, something that is impossible to graft on artificially. I felt that the book didn't thrill or stimulate the author, and that although the book is on the whole reasonably well written and constructed, it didn't spring from some exhilarating notion or impulse. It has been carefully contrived . . . almost too carefully. A little wildness of imagination would have been most welcome.

—Christopher Priest

LETTERS

I don't believe I've ever written a letter of comment on a review of a book of mine, but Michael Bishop's review—or more accurately analysis—of **A Scanner Darkly** deserves a response from the author.

Well, it is the best-written review I have ever read of any of my writing by anyone. Let me sum up my response: this review was written by a superb author, and it was written by a genuine human being.

I would—let's see. I would like to be able to write as well as he does . . . there, how does that sound?

Please thank him for me. And thank you, too, for sending me the issue with the review in it. I have reread the review ten times and I say at last to myself, "I think you did it; I think I wrote what I set out to write. I can tell by what Bishop says."

It took me five years to write **Scanner**, and as Bishop so clearly realizes, my heart and body and life are in it. That's a lot to risk by putting it on paper; you hand the world your soul.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick
California

I appreciate letters like this, not only because it supports my own belief that Bishop is one of the finest writers we have today, but because it shows that authors listen to their critics when those critics show they are, above being accurate and perceptive, "genuine human being[s]."—Ed.

Readers of McConnell's **H. G. Wells: The Time Machine [and] The War of the Worlds** should be warned that the text of the second novel has been reprinted from a much bowdlerized edition. I failed to notice this myself,

CALENDAR

Compiled by Lydia Marano

See the letter column for an important announcement regarding the Calendar.

PAPERBACKS FOR MARCH 1978

Ace (441-)

Adlard, Mark	VOLTEFACE (book 2 of T-city trilogy)	1.50 (86607)
Cooper, Edmund	TRANSIT (novel; reissue)	1.50 (82206)

until David Y. Hughes pointed it out, and a replacement page I mailed for my review seems to have been lost. Though the book can be useful in the classroom, scholars should beware.

Welcome back!
Jack Williamson
New Mexico

Sorry the replacement page was lost (probably somewhere in the voracious maw of Pasadena or the sun-drenched black hole of Tarzana). I hope teachers and librarians will take note of this if they plan to use the book. Thanks again, Jack.—Ed.

Congratulations on your reincarnation!

On the autonomy of the critic—Arthur Byron Cover's piece on Hope Mirrlees' **Lud-In-The-Mist** is, by and large, so much crudding codswallop. One does not have to condemn A in order to praise B. There is an obvious illogic in doing so, for one at once asks: Is B so poor that a pejorative approach to A is all the good that can be said about B? It seems apparent that [Cover] is anticipating and attempting to rebut already those who will not agree with his view of the book. I do not dispraise the book, only his unfortunate review.

If one is to guess the origin of **Lud**, it is just as well to take it as a corruption of "lord," so that the title might be rendered as **Lord-Of-The-Mist.** And "Dorimare" might be a conjunction of *doré* and one of *mare, mer* or *mère*.

About Coppard: he wrote an autobiography, some of which was at least as interesting as his stories. Some of these were teledramatized and appeared on PBS.

Most cordially,
Dr. A. D. Wallace
Florida

Oddly enough, this is the only complaint I've heard about Cover's review. It was one of the most popular and highly praised essays in the issue, and most readers seemed to like his "unstuffy" approach to a book that, if discussed at all, is unusually approached with dry academese.—Ed.

Dear *DF&SFR*,

What's going on? Where are my issues from July 'til February? Where's the index? Where does my subscription

Jakes, John	WHEN THE STAR KINGS DIE (novel; reissue)	1.75 (88101)
Reynolds, Mack	THE BEST YE BREED (book 3 of North African trilogy)	1.50 (05481)
Swann, Thomas Burnett	DAY OF THE MINOTAUR (novel; reissue)	1.50 (13921)
Tubb, E. C.	KALIN (reissue)	1.50 (42801)
Avon (380-)		
Anthony, Piers	CHAINING THE LADY (book 2 of the Cluster trilogy)	1.75 (35121)
Goudge, Elizabeth	THE LITTLE WHITE HORSE (novel)	1.75 (37028)
Ballantine (345-)		
———	STAR TREK POSTER BOOK 17	1.25 (27661-2)
Jones, Bruce & Eisen, Armand	SORCERERS (art)	7.95 (27626-4)
Bantam (553-)		
Morris, Janet	WIND FROM THE ABYSS (book 3 of the Silistra series)	1.95 (11250-3)
Serling, Rod (ed.)	ROD SERLING'S OTHER WORLDS (anthology)	1.75 (11275-9)
———	ALL OUR YESTERDAYS (Star Trek Fotonovel 6)	1.95 (11350-X)
Berkley (425-)		
Anderson, Poul	THE HIGH CRUSADE (novel; reprint)	1.50 (03670-7)
Bishop, Michael	A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE (novel; reprint)	1.50 (03671-5)
Howard, Robert E.	SWORDS OF SHAHRAZAR (collection; reprint)	1.95 (03709-6)
Leiber, Fritz	NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS (collection; reprint—first complete U.S. pb edition + 2 stories)	1.75 (03669-3)
DAW (451-)		
Goulart, Ron	CALLING DR. PATCHWORK (novel)	1.50 (UW1367)
Moorcock, Michael	DYING FOR TOMORROW (collection; published in Britain as MOORCOCK'S BOOK OF MARTYRS)	1.50 (UW1366)
Norman, John	BEASTS OF GOR (novel 12 in the Gor series)	1.95 (UJ1363)
Norman, John	HUNTERS OF GOR (novel; reissue)	1.95 (UE1294)
Norman, John	MARAUDERS OF GOR (novel; reissue)	1.95 (UE1369)
Norman, John	SLAVE GIRL OF GOR (novel; reissue)	1.95 (UJ1285)
Norman, John	TRIBESMEN OF GOR (novel; reissue)	1.95 (UE1296)
Norvil, Manning	WHETTED BRONZE (novel)	1.50 (UW1364)
Dell (440-)		
Swann, Ingo	STARFIRE (novel)	1.75 (18219-0)
Varley, John	THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE (novel; reprint)	1.50 (15890-7)
Fawcett (449-)		
Farris, John	THE FURY (novel; reissue)	2.50 (08620-3)
Jove (515-)		
Asimov, Isaac	EIGHT STORIES FROM THE REST OF THE ROBOTS (collection; reissue)	1.50 (04551-9)
Campbell, Ramsey	THE DOLL WHO ATE HIS MOTHER (novel; reprint)	1.75 (04483-0)
Grant, Maxwell	THE SILENT DEATH (Shadow 22)	1.25 (04281-1)
Shepard, Leslie (ed.)	THE DRACULA BOOK OF GREAT VAMPIRE STORIES (anthology)	1.95 (04506-3)
Penguin (14-)		
Boyd, John	THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH (novel; reprint)	1.95 (004875-8)
Pocket (671-)		
Key, Alexander	RETURN TO WITCH MOUNTAIN (novel)	1.25 (81911)
Strugatsky, Arkady & Strugatsky, Boris	ROADSIDE PICNIC/TALE OF THE TROIKA (2 short novels; reprint)	1.95 (81976)
van Vogt, A. E.	THE MIND CAGE (novel; reprint)	1.75 (81770)
Wilhelm, Kate	MARGARET AND I (novel; reprint)	1.75 (81449)
Wilson, Robert Anton	COSMIC TRIGGER: THE FINAL SECRET OF THE ILLUMINATI (novel)	1.95 (81669)
Pocket (671-) Wallaby		
Cott, Jonathan (ed.)	BEYOND THE LOOKING GLASS: Extraordinary Works of Fairy Tale and Fantasy (anthology)	6.95 (79017)
Katz, Jack	THE FIRST KINGDOM (novel told entirely through illustrations)	3.95 (79016)
Popular (445-)		
Carter, Lin	NEMESIS OF EVIL (book 1 of the Zarkon series)	1.50 (04185-4)
Hancock, Niel	DRAGON WINTER (novel)	1.95 (04191-9)

stand?

with anticipation,
a reader

We received permutations of this basic letter from at least half of the subscribers. The rest of you probably fell asleep in June or July and never noticed our six month absence. We promise to keep you awake from now on.

Don't fret—you didn't miss out on any issues. During the change in publishers there weren't any printed. July 1977 was No. 28, February 1978 was No. 29. All subscriptions will be filled with the number of issues paid for.

Keep track! Look on the mailing label. Following your name is a number which signifies the last issue you will receive. If it says (30) your subscription has just run out—you'll have to renew so that you don't miss a thing! The current issue number always appears on page 3.

The rate to North American individual subscribers effective January 1977 will not change. However, increased postal rates have caused a need to charge foreign subscribers for postage. This policy will go into effect on June 1, 1978, so resubscribe now *to save on surface mail. You might also get your favorite bookstore to carry* DF&SFR. *Let us know who they are too and we'll send them our rates.*

Back issues will soon be available —watch this column for details.

The Index for 1977 can be found in the center of this issue. It can be removed and put with Volume 3.

The Calendar, missing from the last issue, is back with a few changes. In the interest of clarity, the format has been structured after the one used in Locus *(thank you, Charlie Brown). The other change is that we will no longer be able to list all upcoming titles. There are too many publishers who take advantage of the free advertising the Calendar provides but who never send up review materials. These are essential for a magazine of this type. Barring a price increase, our only recourse is to list only those publishers who send us items for review. If you dislike this situation as much as we do—write to the publishers . . . we already have.*

Last but not least—this letter column is for you. USE IT. We want to hear your *views.*

Lydia Marano
Dragonwood

HARDCOVER BOOKS FOR MARCH 1978

Atheneum (689-)		
Harrison, Harry	THE MAN FROM P.I.G. AND R.O.B.O.T. (10 up)	5.95 (30634-2)
Norton, Andre	QUAG KEEP (12 up)	7.95 (50107-2)
Waggoner, Diana	THE HILLS OF FARAWAY: A Guide to Fantasy	14.95 (10846-X)
Dutton (525-)		
Blish, James	THE STAR TREK READER IV (collection; reprint)	8.95 (20962-X)
Christopher, John	EMPTY WORLD (ages 9-12)	7.50 (29250-0)
Eldridge, Roger	THE SHADOW OF THE GLOOM WORLD (ages 9-12)	7.95 (39235-1)
Harper and Row (06-)		
Knight, Damon (ed.)	ORBIT 20 (anthology)	9.95
Random House (394-)		
Foster, Robert	THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO MIDDLE EARTH: From The Hobbit to The Silmarillion	10.00 (27520-9)
Vidal, Gore	KALKI (novel)	10.00 (42058-5)
Random House (394-) del Rey		
Simak, Clifford D.	MASTODONIA (novel)	7.95 (27500-4)
Science Fiction Book Club		
Cherryh, C. J.	THE FADED SUN: KESRITH (novel)	1.98
Dickson, Gordon R.	TIME STORM (novel)	3.50
Taplinger (8008-)		
Haining, Peter (ed.)	DEADLY NIGHTSHADE: 17 Strange Tales of the Dark (anthology)	8.50 (2123-8)
Knight, Damon	THE BEST OF DAMON KNIGHT (collection)	9.95 (0721-9)
Lamb, Hugh (ed.)	COLD FEAR: New Tales of Terror (anthology)	8.95 (1686-2)

PAPERBACK BOOKS FOR APRIL 1978

Ace (441-)		
Adlard, Mark	MULTIFACE (book 3 of T-city trilogy)	1.75 (54500)
Chandler, A. Bertram	ROAD TO THE RIM/THE HARD WAY UP (novels; reissue)	1.75 (73100)
Delany, Samuel R.	BABEL-17 (novel; reissue)	1.75 (04595)
Dickson, Gordon R.	ALIEN ART (novel; reprint)	1.75 (01684)
Masterton, Graham	PLAGUE (novel)	1.95 (66760)
Robinett, Stephen	THE MAN RESPONSIBLE (novel)	1.75 (51899)
Tiptree, Jr., James	TEN THOUSAND LIGHT-YEARS FROM HOME (collection; reissue)	1.95 (80181)
Avon (380-)		
Bawden, N.	DEVIL BY THE SEA (novel; reprint)	1.50 (37671)
Chapman, Vera	THE KING'S DAMOSEL (novel)	1.50 (37606)
du Maurier, Daphne	ECHOES FROM THE MACABRE (collection)	1.95 (38331)
Hales, E. E. Y.	CHARIOT OF FIRE (novel; reprint)	1.75 (36509)
Merritt, Abraham	THE FACE IN THE ABYSS (novel; reissue)	1.75 (37010)
Ballantine (345-)		
Durwood, Thomas	ARIEL: The Book of Fantasy, Volume III	6.95 (27617-5)
Ballantine (345-) del Rey		
del Rey, Lester	THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET (novel; reprint)	1.50 (27121-1)
Eddison, E. R.	A FISH DINNER IN MEMISON (novel; reissue)	2.50 (27222-6)
Farmer, Philip José	TRAITOR TO THE LIVING (novel; reissue)	1.75 (27446-6)
Foster, Alan Dean	SPLINTER OF THE MIND'S EYE (new Star Wars novel)	1.95 (26062-7)
Hogan, James P.	THE GENESIS MACHINE (novel)	1.75 (27231-5)
Leinster, Murray	THE BEST OF MURRAY LEINSTER (collection)	1.95 (25800-2)
Bantam (553-)		
Bradbury, Ray	I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC (collection; reissue)	1.95 (11942-7)
Bradbury, Ray	THE ILLUSTRATED MAN (collection; reissue)	1.95 (11957-5)
Bradbury, Ray	LONG AFTER MIDNIGHT (collection; reprint)	1.95 (10882-4)
Bradbury, Ray	THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES (collection; reissue)	1.95 (11945-1)
Bradbury, Ray	R IS FOR ROCKET (collection; reissue)	1.75 (11939-1)
Bradbury, Ray	S IS FOR SPACE (collection; reissue)	1.75 (11932-X)
Caidin, Martin	AQUARIUS MISSION (novel)	2.25 (11267-8)

"Fantasy, feminism and fun blend in this dandy sci-fi book....Deals with a beautiful extraterrestrial woman (whose hair matches her eyes and whose English has been gleaned from TV commercials) and the romantic and bureaucratic chaos that ensues when she lands on earth in search of 'just a spoonful of uranium.'"

—*Mademoiselle*

"Lots of fun."

—*New York Daily News*

Lawrence, J. A.	THE RANDOM FACTOR (Star Trek)	1.75 (11802-1)
Russ, Joanna	THE FEMALE MAN (novel; reissue)	1.75 (11175-2)
Berkley (425-)		
Aldiss, Brian W. (ed.)	SPACE ODYSSEYS (anthology; reprint)	1.95 (03681-2)
Anderson, Poul	THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS (novel; reprint)	1.75 (03680-4)
Gawron, Jean Mark	ALGORITHM (novel)	1.75 (03751-7)
Howard, Robert E.	SON OF THE WHITE WOLF (collection; reprint)	1.95 (03710-X)
DAW (451-)		
Akers, Alan Burt	SAVAGE SCORPIO (book 16 of the Dray Prescott series)	1.50 (UW1372)
Barbet, Pierre	THE JOAN-OF-ARC REPLAY (novel)	1.50 (UW1374)
Cherryh, C. J.	GATE OF IVREL (novel; reissue)	1.50 (UW1375)
Cherryh, C. J.	WELL OF SHIUAN (novel)	1.95 (UJ1371)
Sturgeon, Theodore	A TOUCH OF STRANGE (collection; reprint)	1.95 (UJ1374)
Fawcett (449-)		
Barth, John	GILES GOAT BOY (novel; reissue)	2.50 (2-3524-6)
Norton, Andre	WRAITHS OF TIME (novel; reprint)	1.75 (2-3532-7)
Jove (515-)		
Grant, Maxwell	THE DEATH GIVER (Shadow 23)	1.25 (04282-X)
Kidde, Janet	THE PROPHETESS (novel)	1.95 (04456-3)
Lovecraft, H. P.	THE DUNWICH HORROR AND OTHERS (collection)	1.75 (04511-4)
Lumley, Brian	THE CLOCK OF DREAMS (novel)	1.75 (04489-4)
Penguin (14-)		
Boyd, John	THE POLLINATORS OF EDEN (novel; reprint)	1.95 (0048676-6)
Pocket (671-)		
Asimov, Isaac	THE COLLAPSING UNIVERSE (nonfiction; reprint)	1.95 (81738)
Lee, Stan	THE INCREDIBLE HULK 4	1.95 (81446)
Pocket (671-) Wallaby		
Neugroschel, Joachim (editor)	YENNE VELT: The Great Works of Jewish Fantasy and Occult	6.95 (79006)
Popular (445-)		
Spinrad, Norman	AGENT OF CHAOS (novel; reprint)	1.50 (04164-1)
Signet (451-)		
Gunn, James	THE LISTENERS (novel; reissue)	1.50 (W8037)
Irwin, Walter & Love, G. B. (eds.)	THE BEST OF TREK (anthology) (from the magazine for Star Trek fans)	1.75 (E8030)

HARDCOVERS FOR APRIL 1978

Coward, McCann & Geohegan (698-)		
Gag, Wanda (trans.)	JORINDA AND JORINGEL (ages 6-9)	(20440-9)
Doubleday (385-)		
Grant, Charles L.	RAVENS OF THE MOON (novel)	6.95 (12969-6)
Yarbro, Chelsea Quinn	FALSE DAWN (novel)	6.95 (13144-5)
Dutton (525-)		
Dowrick, Stephanie (ed.)	GREAT TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL (anthology)	2.95 (01266-5)
Harper and Row (06-)		
Silverberg, Robert (ed.)	NEW DIMENSIONS 8 (anthology)	8.95
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